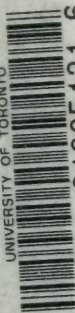


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO




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# THE REAL KRUGER

## AND THE TRANSVAAL



BY  
AN ENGLISHMAN  
A BOER  
AND  
AN AMERICAN



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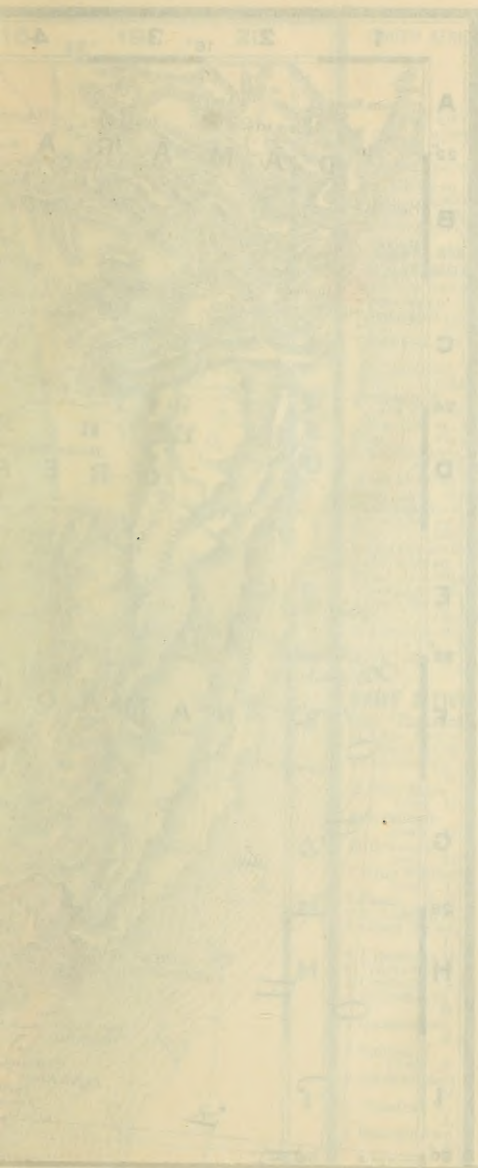












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SOUTH AFRICA

INDIA

CHINA

RUSSIA

EUROPE

AMERICA

CHINA

RUSSIA

EUROPE

AMERICA

CHINA



Specially printed for Street & Smith's "The Real Kruger and The Transvaal."



SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE  
(British Colony)  
Area, 23,730 sq. m.  
Pop., 1,000,000  
White, 824,000  
Coloured, 177,000

CHIEF CITIES  
Durban, 117,000  
Cape Town, 1,000,000

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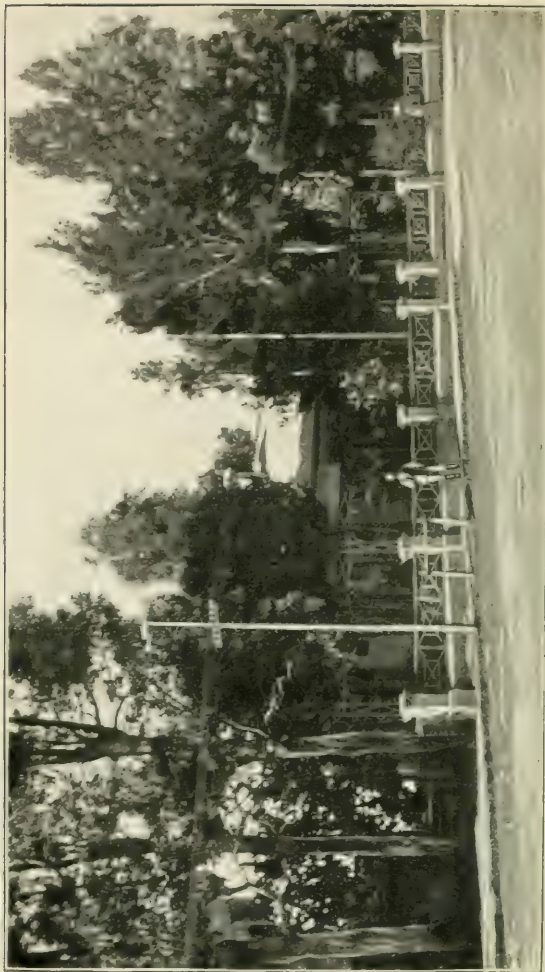
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Cape Town, 1,000,000





The Home of President Kruger.

# THE REAL KRUGER

AND THE

## TRANSVAAL

PAUL KRUGER: HIS LIFE STORY  
By FRED. A. MCKENZIE

THE TRANSVAAL BOER SPEAKING FOR HIMSELF  
By C. N. T. DU PLESSIS

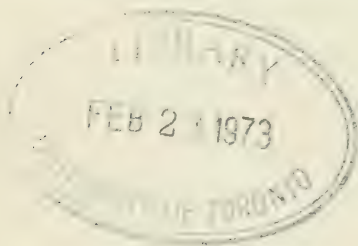
A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC  
By CHARLES T. BUNCE



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## PREFACE.

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The war that is now being waged in South Africa, between the Britons and the Boers, is a subject of far more than ordinary interest to Americans.

The Boers are descendants of the same sturdy Dutch stock which is the ancestry of a great number of our people, and we are so closely allied to the English by the double ties of blood and language that the present struggle assumes somewhat the aspect of a family affair with us.

With the divided sympathies which exist among us as a people, it is particularly desirable to learn the exact situation, and the causes which have led to this unfortunate war.

Nearly all published works upon the subject are written with more or less prejudice, as they are mainly the writings of Englishmen or Boers, whose sympathies are naturally biased in favor of their own nations.

This work has been carefully arranged with a view to placing the facts before American readers in such a manner as to give the argument on both sides, followed by an impartial historical summary.

The first section of the book, "Paul Kruger: His Life Story," is an excellent personal description of the characteristics and habits of the remarkable man who is at the head of the Transvaal Republic, together with a fair presentation of the English side of the case by Mr. Fred. A. McKenzie, an Englishman, who writes with comparatively little prejudice.

This is followed by "The Transvaal Boer Speaking

for Himself," which involves a presentation of the other side of the story by M. J. Du Plessis, a native of Johannesburg, and an able defender of his country's cause,

In the concluding portion of the work, "A Brief History of the Transvaal Republic," the writer has endeavored to present the actual historical facts so clearly and concisely as to enable the reader to obtain a distinct understanding of the exact situation.

There have been wrongs and mistakes upon both sides. Which nation is the most to blame for the present war is left to the reader to determine. In preparing the book many authorities have been consulted to arrive at the real facts, and the writer trusts the reader will be satisfied with the result.

C. T. B.

DECEMBER, 1899.

**PAUL KRUGER:**  
**HIS LIFE STORY.**

BY  
**FRED. A. McKENZIE,**  
OF ENGLAND.





## FOREWORD.

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This little biography is not a political pamphlet in disguise. Those who want transcripts of State papers, the text of conventions, or the like, will have to seek them elsewhere. My aim has been to tell the story of Kruger the Man, not to write a history of the Transvaal. What sort of a man is he? What are his ideals, his ambitions, his methods? What was the condition of things that made the autocratic rule of this patriarch so long possible at the end of the nineteenth century? Why his distrust of and enmity to England? These questions I have endeavored to answer.

Fair play forbids, and loyalty to England does not require, that because Oom Paul is now at war with us I should seek to put the worst construction on all his acts, or should repeat every scrap of idle gossip against him that is floating around Cape Town bar-rooms.

So far as possible, facts have been obtained at first hand from men who participated in the events here described. Free use has been made of the information given by contemporary writers. Newspapers, from the Cape Town *Colonist* of seventy-four years ago to the last arrivals by mail, have been pressed into service; and in the chapters describing the early life of Kruger I have been indebted to the many books of South African travel issued by missionaries, explorers and others, during the first half of this century.

F. A. M.

October, 1899.



# PAUL KRUGER:

## HIS LIFE STORY.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### **PRESIDENT, PREACHER, AND PATRIARCH.**

Paul Kruger is a primitive man, who, by sheer force of commanding personality, has succeeded in life without any of the aids of modern civilization. If we can fancy a patriarch of the days of Abraham planted down amongst us, he would find himself less out of touch with the ways and manners of our time than is this Boer ruler. Brought up from early boyhood, almost wholly out of touch with the complex emotions and artificial ways of the nineteenth century, he is one in whom the essential passions of humanity were allowed free play. He has studied life, not from books but from nature, in defending himself against savages, in protecting his herds against wild beasts. Of city life, he even to-day knows almost nothing. Existence in close streets would suffocate him. His home in Pretoria would be regarded by the European as quite rural, and during his seventy-five years he has not spent more than a few weeks in large centres of population.

Apart from gunpowder, tobacco and steel, he owes civilization for little. We rely for our safety on the policeman and the soldier; he long looked for his to his readiness with his rifle. Our lines of action are fixed for us

by hoary law; his were, for nearly fifty years, those dictated by family tradition and personal will. We pride ourselves on our complex needs, on our education, on our manifold interests in life; his needs are of the simplest—a gun, a bag of oatmeal, and a strip of dried meat suffice him. Even now, surrounded by men who indulge in all the luxuries of life, he still keeps to the simplest fare. Of education, in the scholastic sense of the term, he has next to none. He can only read his Bible slowly, and ordinary writing is practically incomprehensible to him. Books and newspapers, save the one Book, are ignored by him; and the one form of secular literature he looks at is State papers. His writing is confined to signing his own name, and that is an operation only performed with difficulty. His language is a patois limited to a few hundred words; and, though he understands English, he never speaks it.

To-day, as President of the Transvaal Republic, a millionaire, and the practical autocrat of a State as large as France, he still lives after the manner of a simple farmer. Up at five in the morning in summer, and a little later in winter, he drinks an early bowl of coffee, and then takes his big pipe and goes out on the veranda of his house to receive visitors. Men of all kinds come to see him. Once he welcomed all; to-day his door is shut on most strangers. None can wonder that he has tired of receiving curious globe-trotters, who gazed at him as at some wild beast, only to come back to Europe and write ridiculing his manners and appearance. A visitor now has to be introduced by one of the President's friends; but a burgher, however poor or rough, can walk in without ceremony, and discuss the affairs of the land with the utmost freedom. It is a sight worth going far to look on, the President and a party of burghers laughing together, poking each other in the ribs

to emphasize their own wit, and filling the air with their tobacco smoke.

About half-past seven the informal levée ends, and Kruger enters his sitting-room for family prayers. A brief address accompanies the short passage of Scripture, and is followed by a long prayer. After breakfast come affairs of State. Though head of a republic, Kruger no longer trusts himself unprotected amidst the people. Two sentries stand always in front of the gateway to his house, and when he leaves home for the Government buildings, escorts of armed cavalry precede and follow his carriage, bearing with them the Transvaal flag. When the Volksraad, or Parliament, is meeting, sittings begin at nine in the morning, and Kruger is a constant attendant, taking part in all the debates. Four hours of political work, varied by frequent adjournments for smoking and conversation, bring him to dinner-time.

He has no merely nominal task in this work of government. Everything centres around him. The Volksraad is more or less subordinate to him, and his political influence is sufficient to carry everything he wants. Time after time great efforts have been made to break his power there. Cliques have been formed amongst the members. Great sums of money have been spent in bribing representatives to oppose the President. But the end has always been the same. If the Raad resists too strongly, Kruger simply says that he will resign, and that threat is enough to bring all to their senses. For it is an article of faith among the rural Boers of to-day that the safety of their State is bound up with Paul Kruger.

He has to see to everything himself. His assistants can arrange details, but the final decision, even in the most trivial affair, rests with the Executive Council, which means the President. Those who picture him as the tool of clever Hollanders hardly know the man. He

uses Hollanders so far as they serve his purpose, but no further; and the moment any one sets himself against him, that man is practically wiped out of Transvaal politics. Needless to say, all this cannot be done without a real knowledge of men. The President knows the best way to influence his often obstinate subjects. To one he appeals on religious grounds, silencing him with a text of Scripture, or the example of an Old Testament patriarch; another he convinces by a harsh and vivid parable; a third he laughs down. Friends and foes alike admit that he is most obstinate. Once an idea gets into his head, it remains there; and once he has fixed on a purpose he carries it out, however far round he has to go to get to it. He may turn and twist for a time, but his end is always the same. He has not, perhaps, the nimbleness of thought on which men of to-day pride themselves; but he is not dependent on the latest visitor for his ideas.

When the morning's work is done he returns home for dinner, to his modest one-storied house. Mrs. Kruger, like the good German housewife she is, cares nothing for her husband's political affairs, but takes every care to see that his clothes are properly aired, and his meals are cooked to his liking. His food is of the simplest. He has not yet lost the old love for fat mutton, or for such homely dishes as "kop en portgis" (sheep's head and trotters). Coffee is his great drink—coffee first thing in the morning, coffee last thing at night. The State allows him, besides his salary of £8,000 a year, a further grant of £300 for "coffee money," and rumor says that his good wife makes the coffee money meet all the household expenses. He takes meat three times a day; chop or steak for breakfast, a roast for dinner, and meat of some kind for supper; and at dinner time he likes to have plenty of vegetables. He drinks no wines or spirits, varying his coffee with milk.



After dinner comes a brief nap, and then again to affairs of State. It is often about six o'clock before the old man can withdraw from routine business, and go again out on his veranda with his pipe. Once more visitors flock in, usually only the more intimate being then received. The President's tobacco pouch is passed round, and much business is done on that stoep. At about seven the President again leads in family worship, then comes supper, and soon after eight o'clock he is in bed.

Illness is almost unknown to him, though during the past three years he has shown signs of the great strain his position involves. But his nerves were hardened by many years on the veldt, and he is almost indifferent to pain. It is told how once when in Europe, suffering from toothache one night at Lisbon, he deliberately hacked away at his gum with a pocket-knife until the tooth was out.

In any attempt to estimate President Kruger two things must be remembered. First, he is sincerely religious; secondly, his ideas of political morality are not those of Europe. None who impartially considers the man can doubt the sincerity and strength of his religious convictions. They permeate his every action and speech, and nothing makes him so indignant as to be charged with falseness. The one thing he has never forgiven Mr. Chamberlain is the accusation that he did not keep his promises. His Bible, as has been said, is his one book; once a month he conducts the service in the little "Dopper" church near his home, and he is never so happy as when discussing points of doctrine with strangers. Although a member of the most extreme Protestant sect in the world, he does not carry the doctrines or practices of his church to their utmost. For instance, he now discards the favorite and orthodox dress of his communion, the short jacket and wide-brimmed hat. He does not

insist on the excommunication of all who are not "Doppers." But while willing to look with lenient eye on partly orthodox folks, such as Presbyterians, Lutherans or members of the regular Dutch Church, he regards Jews and Roman Catholics as outside the pale, and no Jew or Roman Catholic can participate in any way in the government of the Transvaal Republic.

His ideal is not so much a republic as a theocracy. The vision of a kingdom of God on earth, a kind of modern reproduction of Palestine under Solomon, haunts his dreams. He sincerely regards the Boers as the Chosen People of God, and the great mass of his subjects accept the same view. In the days of President Burgers he led an attack on that ruler because he had started a war "when God was not on our side." He regards the victory at Majuba Hill as a direct interposition of Providence in favor of his people. "The nation that fears God and obeys Him is the only prosperous nation" is his motto.

But alongside with this sincere piety is a side of his character which repels one trained in English morality. The Boer in old days could only survive by using his wits against the black man. He learnt from the Kaffir a subtlety, a power of drawing fine distinctions, a cunningness, and a way of keeping promises in the letter but not in the spirit, which to us seem to ill accord with common honesty. "Cunning is accounted amongst the Boers the highest proof of talent," wrote a traveler nearly seventy years ago. "No people can trick or lie with more apparent sincerity, their phlegmatic insensibility to shame and external simplicity of demeanor alike contributing to their success." To deceive an opponent, as was done with the Johannesburgers after the capture of Jameson, to tell half truths, to fool, is accounted the height of strategy, especially when you are dealing with an adver-

sary in whose honor or honesty you as little believe as Kruger does in that of the English.

Nor is his view of political rectitude of a kind that commends itself to Englishmen. He believes in sticking to his friends, whatever those friends may have done; and if one is too zealous, and plunders a treasury, or brutally ill-treats a native, or injures an Englishman, and is convicted by a court of law and sentenced to fine or imprisonment, the President is almost sure to remit the imprisonment or to find a way of making up the fine. He does this, not because he sanctions the wrong-doing, but because he feels he must loyally stand by his friends.

Like most Boers, he sees no harm in personal profit out of politics. There is little reason to believe that he himself has ever been largely bribed; and his great wealth acquired in recent years can be easily accounted for by the increased value of his land. But he sanctions and openly defends politicians and members of the Volksraad accepting presents from interested parties. He heaps up posts and public wealth on his relations in a way that would put Tammany Hall to shame. He believes it is lawful for the Chosen People to "spoil the Egyptians."

In short, President Kruger is not an ideal character such as novelists create. He is a strong man, of great virtues and great faults, one whose character is singularly noble in many ways and sadly deficient in others. In remembering the conditions from which he has come, one may well wonder that the limitations are not greater.

He makes an easy subject for ridicule. His uncouth appearance, his odd attempts at state and show of dignity, his old-fashioned dress, his strange prejudices, are the subjects of many a laugh throughout South Africa. He was in 1891 asked to be patron of the Queen's Birthday Ball. He declined in horror, alleging that a ball was a kind of Baal worship, akin to those practices for which

## 18 President, Preacher and Patriarch.

the Lord had, through His servant Moses, ordained the punishment of death. "As it is therefore contrary to His Honor's principles, His Honor cannot consent to the misuse of his name in such a connection," his secretary wrote. His dress is certainly not made in Bond street or Fifth avenue. The baggy trousers, the shiny frock coat fastened by the top button, and the old silk hat, strike every visitor as ludicrous. Nor are his manners those that would pass muster with the Four Hundred. He spits freely wherever he is, and he shares the common Boer idea that pocket handkerchiefs are more for ornament than for use. He does not see the necessity of a daily shave, and the stubby beard of four days' growth adds no attractiveness to his appearance.

Yet his sense of humor is in some ways keen. It often takes the boyish form of giving his companion a sly dig in his side, or coming unexpectedly behind a companion and tapping him on the head with anything that is handy. It is sometimes hard for the outsider to appreciate this humor. A Boer jailer once showed it in its highest form. He was flogging a prisoner, and, after laying on twenty-five lashes with the cat, demanded that the prisoner should say "Thank you" for what he had received. The Kaffir refused, whereupon the jailer gave another cut. It is true that it requires a special sense to appreciate the funniness of this.

Mr. Kruger's humor sometimes takes the form of sly verbal digs, especially at his religious opponents. Once the Jews presented a petition asking for grants for their schools. The old President turned on them with benevolent gaze. "Why are you so small-minded?" he asked. "I am not. I take your Old Testament and read it, why do you not take my New Testament? If you do, you will have the same privileges as others. I will lay your

grievances before the Executive Council. Your religion is free, but you must obey the law."

On another occasion he consented to open a Jewish Tabernacle. "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I declare this building open," he said in a loud voice, so that all could hear.

Yet a third example of his humor. When the members of the Johannesburg Reform Committee were released from prison, some of them went to thank the President. Kruger naturally despised them. "You know," he said, "I sometimes have to punish my dogs, and I find that there are two kinds of dogs. Some of them who are good come back and lick my boots. Others go away and snarl at me. I see some are still snarling, but I am glad you are not like them."

"Oh, that was only my joke," he said, when he saw that they took the parable ill.

## CHAPTER II.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Paul Kruger was born under the British flag, and for the first ten years of his life was a British subject. Of direct German descent—not Dutch, as is popularly supposed—he came from the family of one Jacob Kruger, who in 1713 arrived in Cape Town a youth of seventeen, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. Caspar Kruger, a descendant of Jacob, settled down on a farm in Beulhock, near Colesburg; and on October 10th, 1825, his son Stephanus Johannes Paulus was born.

It is said that the impressions one receives in early childhood remain throughout life; and in the case of Paul Kruger, childish impressions were one and all calculated to give a hatred of British rule. Cape Colony was then at its lowest point. The Dutch farmers, who had been hastily transferred to the British Crown, did not appreciate the change; and it must be confessed that the actions of the British officials were not calculated to give them a very high idea of the value of their new citizenship. Cape Colony was on the very boundaries of civilization; and its white population was so thinly scattered that each family had perforce to be an isolated unit, almost wholly out of touch with its neighbors. In former years each farmer had been given as much land as he could walk across in half an hour, and consequently most of the farms were three miles in diameter, their boundaries marked by heaps of stones, and only a very small portion of the land cultivated.



Schools were practically unknown, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that the children could be taught to read. Young Paul never got beyond being able to trace out his name and to spell his Bible. The usual teachers were old and discharged soldiers, who were taken on the farms because they were fit for nothing else, and who, as the farmers used laughingly to remark: "Must be fit to teach because they could do no other thing." It will be remembered how when M. Stoubert was appointed to the cure of Ban de la Roche, he asked to be taken to the chief school, and was shown a miserable hovel where a number of children were crowded together—noisy, wild, and making no attempt to learn. A little, withered old man was lying on a bed in the corner. Stoubert went up to him. "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" "Yes, sir." "And what do you teach the children?" "Nothing, sir." "Nothing! how is that?" "Because," replied the old man simply, "I myself know nothing." "Why, then, were you appointed schoolmaster?" "Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that, they sent me here to take care of the children."

The same system applied in Cape Colony. All of young Kruger's book learning was obtained from a "meister" such as this, and from an old Boer woman.

It is difficult for us to now realize that in his childhood Kruger was brought up amidst the slave population. Around the farm would be, as on every farm, a number of blacks, whose future was wholly in his father's hands. If his parents took him into the town on a market day he could see in the central square slaves being publicly flogged for theft and other petty offenses; and his eye

could hardly avoid gazing on placards with announcements like this :

### A SLAVE WOMAN AND HER FOUR CHILDREN.

At Messrs. JONES & COOK'S sale on Saturday morning will be sold the slaves named as below stated :

AMDOCA, a female, 28 years old, housemaid.

MUGTILDA, a female, 14 years old, housemaid.

TITUS, a boy, 10 years old, apprenticed to a tailor.

JOHN, five years old.

AUGUST, one year and three months old.

*The two latter will be sold with their mother.*

A credit of six months, with interest from day of sale, will be given upon approved security.

WOLFF & BARTMAN,  
*Auctioneers.*

The colony was at least ten weeks' distance from England, and no news could reach it from Europe until months after the event. Books were scarce, newspapers few, small and dear. There had been a museum, but it was closed for want of support; and the public library consisted of a stock of almost useless volumes, mainly old divinity. One of the amusements of the people of Cape Town was visiting the convict ships that called on their way to Van Diemen's Land.

All the colonists were most desperately poor, and the dollar, nominally worth four shillings, only realized eighteen pence. Civil servants were often months behind with their salaries. Credit was universal, and there was hardly a farm in the colony which was not mortgaged.

The white men, divided in the two great cliques of the English administrators and the Dutch farmers, lived in almost hourly peril of their lives. On the farms it

was necessary to be continually armed; and long before the boy Kruger was strong enough to hold a musket he could use a bow and arrow with considerable skill, helping with them to drive off the wild animals attacking his father's cattle. The farmers were threatened with two great perils. The Kaffirs and Bushmen were continually leaving their borders and killing whatever whites they could find. The 36,000 slaves in the colony were never to be relied on. The white man held his own only by his skill with his rifle and his readiness in wielding the sjambok. The farmers were—most of them—in the worst straits, especially those on the frontiers. A local journal in 1835 described them as “miserably deficient in clothing, in furniture, in culinary utensils, in apartments—half a dozen people often sleeping in the same room, without instruction, destitute of books.” They lived in the simplest fashion, making almost everything for themselves that they required, lacking what are now considered the most elementary requirements of civilization or of common decency. They mostly slept in the same clothes as they worked in, often not changing their attire for weeks altogether. In some parts there almost seemed a danger of their sinking to the depths of the ignorance and superstition of the Hottentots. From this they were only saved by two things—their passionate love of liberty and their zeal for religion.

In the Kruger household religion was regarded as the main affair of life. The father was a member of the narrowest section of the Dutch Church in South Africa, afterwards known as Doppers. It is difficult for an outsider to understand the real differences between the Doppers and the Established Church. The principal one was that the Doppers would sing only psalms in their worship, objecting to “man-made” hymns on the ground that they were “carnal.” They further believed it was not right to

follow changes of fashion in personal dress, and they could be distinguished by their large vests buttoned up to the chin, their short jackets and wide-brimmed hats. But the Dopper spirit went below that. To be a Dopper meant to object to change of any sort in any way, to resist every reform, good or evil, simply because it was a reform, to be imbued with a spirit of Toryism, such as to the people of Europe would seem incomprehensible and incredible.

The Krugers and all the Dutch farmers had not taken kindly to English rule. They had many grievances. Our Government would not permit them to fight the native tribes with the same severity as formerly. They blamed us for the depreciation of the coinage. They said they had been ill-treated by England withdrawing her preferential tariff on Cape wines. Then came the final blow. In 1833 and 1834, England ordered the emancipation of the slaves. Compensation was allowed to the owners, but the regulations and restrictions were such that very few of the farmers received the money the English Parliament had granted them. The Cape Colony was flooded with a number of idle wanderers hanging around every farm, refusing to work, making the country unsafe. The emancipation of the slaves alone would not have turned the Dutch farmers from us, but that, coming on the top of many other grievances, made the burden intolerable. "We white African farmers," they said, "cannot live with any feeling of security in a country with so many black tribes under Her Majesty's Government. We have been oppressed under British rule, which oppressions we cannot even name, for these no newspaper could contain: they would certainly fill a large volume." Many had already by ones and twos made the plunge into the great unknown country to the north. It was now determined to do this on a large scale. Under the leadership of Pot-

gieter, a great army of farmers abandoned their homes, piled their belongings in big ox-wagons, and trekked to the far interior. They had strange visions, these wanderers—not only were they escaping from British rule, but they hoped to penetrate through the wild country right into Palestine, the land which was rightly theirs as the chosen people of the Lord. Among these wanderers Caspar Kruger held a prominent place; and young Paul Kruger, then ten years old, marched at the head of an ox-wagon going due north.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MAKING OF THE MAN.

In South Africa the drift of civilization is ever not westward but northward. The Vortreekers were, as they knew, taking their lives in their hands in thus plunging into the wilderness; but the spirit of the wanderer was in their veins; and most of them were never so happy as when, with all their household goods in an ox-wagon, they roamed the land, surrounded by their flocks and herds.

Caspar Kruger was comparatively a rich man, and possessed numerous flocks; so he did not go in the forefront of the expedition, and did not seek for adventures. For some time he remained near the Caledon River, and in 1837 he went to Natal.

Young Paul, with flint-lock over his shoulder and whip in hand, was ever busy defending his father's flocks. He was, as all the stories of that time go to show, a high-spirited, bright lad, capable of doing almost anything in the saddle or with his rifle. Tradition says that when only eight years old he once defended himself and a little girl from an attack by a wild beast with a jack-knife alone. He could ride as well bare-backed as in the saddle. When galloping at full speed, pursued by some angry buffalo, he could turn round, detach his rifle, fire at and hit in the centre of the head his pursuer. It was a life which none but the hardiest could survive. Battle and death were the subjects of hourly talk. He had to be ever on the *qui vive* to save his father's flocks from wild beasts; and even before he reached his teens his



adventures as a lion-killer were sufficient to throw those of some famous modern travelers in the shade. He seldom talks about those old days now, and he takes the adventures of that time so much as a matter of course that he does not think them worth mentioning. "When I was a child," he says, "I had to look after the sheep and the cattle of my father. In those days I killed such a great number of lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses, that it is impossible for me to say the exact number I shot. I had to keep them away from the cattle, and I succeeded in doing so."

His father was a famous hunter, and set the boy an example—if example were needed—of coolness of nerve and steadiness of aim. An old traveler, long since dead, told the following story :

"The father of young Kruger," said he, "was celebrated in this part of the country for his exploits in lion-hunting with his son. The latter came unexpectedly on a lion and fired, but missed his aim, when the animal rushed fiercely upon him. The father, who witnessed from a distance what had occurred, with all that coolness and confidence which those only who are accustomed to such encounters can command, came to his son's assistance. Approaching within a few yards of where the lion lay growling over its victim, whom it seemed to press closer to the earth as if fearful of losing its prey, he leveled his piece and fired. The ball passed through the animal's head, when it rolled over and, after a few struggles, expired near the body of the young man, who, to the inexpressible joy of his parent, had sustained no serious injury. On my remarking that it was a surprising deliverance, 'Yes,' he replied emphatically, 'God was there.'"

The invading Boers had time after time to fight the native tribes. Paul was at Vechtkop (Battle Hill) when the great host of Matabele tried to storm the Boer laager.

Half a hundred wagons were lashed together in a circle, the interstices being filled with bushes. Behind the bushes stood the Boer men and boys, ready to sell their lives dearly, and on rushed five thousand Matabele warriors, flinging their clouds of assegais into the laager, and seeking to storm the position. The host surged forward till the bloodshot gleam of their dull eyes could be seen by the defenders, and till the hot breath of their mouths could be almost felt. They rent the air with their war cries. Steadily the Boers poured their fire into the black bodies; and amongst the defenders was young Paul, then only a boy of eleven, but doing his part in front like any man. Lads have to develop early on the veldt. At last the Matabeles were driven off, but not before they had stolen the strangers' cattle. That night in the Boer camp were prayers and hymns of thanks to God for their victory.

In 1837 an event happened which could not but impress itself on the imagination of the lad. The Boers had spread themselves over one part of Natal, and were anxious to secure from Dingaan, the Zulu leader, a treaty giving them legal rights to the land. Piet Retief, the leader, attended by an imposing party of Boers, made a state visit to Dingaan's kraal, bearing many presents. Dingaan received them in a most friendly way, and had all manner of festivities in their honor. A treaty was drawn up ceding the land to the Boers, and was signed by the king and his chiefs. Then Dingaan invited Retief and his followers to lay their arms on one side, and, as a final sign of confidence, to share unarmed in a drink of peace. Not suspecting treachery, they did so, and while the cup was in their hands Dingaan's warriors flung themselves on them, assegaid every man, and hacked and mutilated the bodies. Then the Zulus, intoxicated with their success, made expeditions to the outlying farms

and slew hundreds of the Boers. A small party of farmers got together, formed their wagons into a laager, and prepared to sell their lives dearly. The girls and women loaded the muskets, or themselves took part in the shooting; and for three hours the fighting steadily continued, till at last a party of Boers finally routed the Zulu impi by an unexpected charge.

It was a strange school for the boy—a school where one learns self-control, self-confidence, watchfulness, and foresight; but where the virtues of tenderness and pity have perforce to go to the wall. The Boer had to shoot or be shot. He then was the Uitlander, and as an Uitlander had to be prepared to defend his invasion by straight shooting. This was by no means the only time that Paul stood in laager resisting the savage attacks.

In 1838 the Krugers moved up to the Mooi River, and in 1842 they finally settled in the beautiful and fertile district of Rustenburg. For nearly seven years they had no settled home; and of the many stories of Kruger which have come down since that time, and which are now repeated each night on a hundred Boer stoeps, perhaps the favorite is of how he lost his thumb. He was out hunting, and, being anxious to shoot a rhinoceros, he crammed an extra charge of powder down his muzzle and fired. The gun burst, shattering the top joint of his left thumb. He was far from possible help, so, with the usual rough surgery of the veldt, he bound up his thumb and made for home. But soon the thumb began festering and threatened to mortify. The lad knew well that this meant death, so, without hesitation, he took out his pocket-knife and cut off the top joint of the thumb. Even this was of no avail, for the mortification had spread too low. Again Kruger took out his knife, and cut off the thumb by the second joint, when, happily, the wound healed.

He was specially noted for his skill as a runner, and was reputed to be able to run as fast as a horse. Once he actually had a race with a man on horseback over a course about eight hundred yards long, and he won. Another time he had a foot race against picked Kaffir champions, the stake being a number of cattle. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who had the story from Kruger himself, thus relates it in his book, "White Man's Africa":

"It was a long, hilly, difficult run across country, past certain well-known landmarks, among others his father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry with him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

"On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them all; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder. He saw through the tall grass a patch of color which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking its ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger, but the gun missed fire; instead of an antelope there bounded up a huge lion, which had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly

taking one step backward, followed by a second and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting very weary, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap; and Kruger was face to face with a lion and with no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow; but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

"Kruger joyfully resumed the race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs."

His strength was as the strength of ten men. At one time, according to the official historian of the Transvaal, he seized a buffalo by the horns and forced the head under the water until he drowned it. However much tradition may have magnified some of these tales, there can be no question but that Paul Kruger was a very king among hunters and a giant amongst men.



## CHAPTER IV.

### FARMER AND FIGHTER.

The ideal of the Boers in the Transvaal was to sever themselves absolutely from every other white nation. They wanted to be a solitary people, having no intercourse with the outside world, and with little or no government. They had the strongest possible objection to paying taxes, and they thought that if there were no government there would be no taxation. Every farmer was to rule his own estate as he pleased, none interfering with him. This ideal was found impossible, owing to the necessity of organization for defense against the blacks. There had to be some form of government, but laws were passed forbidding any Englishman or German to own land in the Republic, vetoing the raising and working of minerals, and laying heavy penalties on those who tried to open a road to other countries; in short, the policy which has been carried on, so far as possible, ever since.

The Krugers settled at Rustenburg, and thrived greatly there: sheltered, well-watered and fertile, the place proved an ideal settlement. A house was built after the usual manner of the Boer farms, with a sitting-room in front, a kitchen behind, and as many bed-rooms as were required built around, a great veranda being in front of all. The family need only ride out to get any required quantity of game, from deer and buffaloes to giraffes, antelopes, and even elephants.

Even in that scattered and suspicious community Paul soon became a man of mark. When he was only twenty-three years old he was appointed Assistant Field Cornet,

an office giving him certain magisterial rights in times of peace, and a command of a company in war time. As the Assistant Field Cornet is elected by those under him, this is a very good test of standing. A year afterward Kruger was made Field Cornet, a post he held for five years, then being again promoted to the office of Commandant. It was while Field Cornet that he took part in the expedition against Sechele and the attack on Dr. Livingstone, which is dealt with later. He had one very narrow escape. "I was," he said, when telling the story himself, "surrounded by blacks, and, as I wore a black coat, my own people took me for a nigger. When I tried to make my way through the enemy they discharged a cannon, and the shot struck so near my head that I was half deafened with the noise, yet I made my escape."

After the manner of young Boers, Kruger early set up a home for himself, and, as a preliminary, found a wife. His choice fell on a Miss Du Plessis. Picture him as he went courting. For once he took some care of his personal appearance, and made more than wonted use of cold water. He attired himself in his best and bravest costume, a showy handkerchief forming a prominent part of his equipment. Then he mounted his best horse and rode off to his lady-love. As he approached her house he went up with a showy gallop to reveal the points of his steed, jumped off, and swaggered in with all the confidence which only a young Boer can show at such a time. Of course they knew what he had come for, and asked him to stay and sup. After supper the family disappeared, leaving the young couple alone in the sitting-room. Then came the great ceremony of sitting up—a ceremony known in no other land. The candles were fixed, and so long as these candles burnt the two young people sat together. Probably the lady had taken care to have them made of special length and thickness before-



hand. Hour after hour passed on, the young Boer, usually early to bed, finding it hard to drive off the sleepiness almost overpowering him. But to go away before the candles had reached the very bottom would have shown a strange lack of love, and would have been accounted little short of an insult to his sweetheart. What did the two find to talk about in all those long hours? Doubtless they recounted their hate of British rule. But it is hardly likely that, in all their schemes for the future, young Paul thought of a life such as was to await him.

The country was torn by dissensions. The Boers had their own way. They were independent; none could control them. Few civilized white men penetrated near them. They hated and persecuted all missionaries near by until they made their lives unbearable. Now, for want of something better to do, they started quarreling among themselves. Religion and politics, as is usually the case, made two great subjects of difference between them. Should a religious man wear a broad hat or a narrow one? Should a real Christian wear a short jacket or a long jacket? Should the cloth used in the Communion of the Lord's Supper be the same as the cloth used in the ordinary service of the Church? Should hymns be sung, or only psalms? Was it necessary for a religious man to have his waistcoat buttoned right up to his throat? Should the authority of the Cape Town Synod be recognized across the Vaal? These are not imaginary questions; they are the points over which the Boers argued and quarreled and fought for many years—questions which turned neighbors into enemies and split the country in parts.

Then came the trouble about the political constitution of the country. It is impossible to keep account of the numerous governments that were in existence at the same

time—sometimes there were two, sometimes there were three, sometimes a scheme was proposed for uniting all in one. Kruger himself was a leading reformer. In 1844 the Volksraad at Potchefstroom had drawn up a code of thirty-three articles as the Constitution of the Republic. In 1857, when affairs were somewhat settling down, Pretorius, son of the famous Boer leader, felt that the constitution wanted changing; and amongst his most active supporters was Paul Kruger. They wanted an independent church, free from the Synod of Cape Town, and they also wanted to have the government more in their own hands. Lydenburg, the home of the earliest inhabitants, domineered over the remainder of the country, as Pretoria in later times domineered over Johannesburg, only at this time Kruger did not happen to be on the side of the domineers. An agitation was started throughout the Republic, and Pretorius and Kruger held meetings everywhere, demanding reform. A new representative assembly was elected to frame a constitution, which it did, decreeing that in future all the people in the State, of European origin, should elect a Volksraad, and not one section of them only, as before. The older parts of the country, which had up to then held supreme power, denounced the new constitution, and declared they would have nothing to do with it. Thereupon Pretorius declared them rebellious, and the ultimate result was that two republics were constituted, the people at Lydenburg demanding their independence. Pretorius believed that by an armed raid he could bring both the Free State and Lydenburg to his side; and among his men in this "Jameson Raid" was Commandant Paul Kruger. The Pretorius and Kruger party were overpowered and a treaty of peace arrived at. But many of their friends in the Free State were brought to trial for high treason and one was sentenced to death, his

sentence, however, being remitted to a very small fine. In the end, in 1860, the whole of the Transvaal was once more united.

But for some years the country had been in a tumult, and it is wonderful how long the war was kept on for such little bloodshed. The true explanation is probably found in the humorous remark of the missionary, Moffat, that the opposing armies were always very careful to keep a long distance from each other.

Fighting and farming did not shut out everything else from Kruger's life. Like all his countrymen, he was, and still is, devoted to his own home. His first wife died, and he married her cousin; and it is said that his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren now number over two hundred.

In his early manhood he passed through a deep religious crisis. The hymns and prayers of the senior Voortrekkers, and the good example of his own parents, had always impelled him to religion; but it was not till after his marriage that he found the old evangelical truths of Christianity lay deep hold on him. Then the preaching of an American missionary, Mr. Lindley, fixed on his conscience the conviction of sin. Overwhelmed, he could not rest. Forsaking home, he went out on the veldt, and for days remained away. A search party went out for him, and at last found him, starved, parched, but thinking nothing of meat or drink in the realization of the forgiveness of sins.

This experience has tinged the whole of the remainder of his life, and for some time he wanted to devote himself to preaching the Gospel. His theology is of the Puritanic type, based more on the Old Testament than the New, but, nevertheless, altogether genuine. Those who regard him as a mere snivelling Pecksniff have altogether misunderstood the man.

## CHAPTER V.

### KRUGER AND THE BLACK MEN.

To the English mind there is no part of Kruger's life less attractive than his dealings with the native tribes. Let us, for a moment, try to put ourselves in his place. The Boers in the Transvaal were surrounded on every side save one by strong, well-armed troops of natives, who outnumbered them a hundred to one, who constantly raided their farms, carried off their cattle, and murdered and mutilated any defenseless white man they could find. In the Free State the white men fought and defeated the leading tribe of their opponents, and then made peace with the others; but the Transvaalers were not powerful enough to do this.

It would be unfair to say that all the fault was on the side of the blacks. The Boers regarded men of color as the Caananites, whom they, the people of Israel, were justified in oppressing in every way. They did not believe that a Kaffir possessed a soul; and even to this day few things make Kruger more angry than for any one to assert that the black men are in any way the spiritual equals of the white. "They are not men," he will exclaim indignantly, "they are mere creatures. They have no more soul than a monkey has."

It will be remembered that when Moffat, the missionary, was traveling through Boer territory, he one night stopped at a Boer farm. He was hospitably entertained, and asked to conduct family worship. He turned to the farmer and asked where the servants were: "Why do not

the Hottentots come in to worship?" The farmer turned on him indignantly. "Hottentots! Do you mean that, then? Go to the mountains and call the baboons if you want a congregation of that sort—or stop: I have it: my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door; they will do!"

Some of the friends of the Boers protest indignantly to-day against the assertion that the abolition of slavery had anything to do with their leaving Cape Colony. The best answer to this is found in the fact that when they settled in the Transvaal they revived slavery in its most odious forms. They raided peaceful native tribes time after time, shot down the unarmed black men, and carried off their women and children as slaves. They attacked missionaries who endeavored to protect the natives; and, when the missionaries made representations to their governments, the Boers attempted, by all manner of slanders, to ruin their characters. How far these slanders were true may be best judged by the fact that Dr. Livingstone was one who was attacked most bitterly by them. Livingstone in his "Modern Travels" repeatedly tells of the cruelties of the Boers, and of their endeavors to exclude missionaries from their country. One or two quotations will tell his story:

"The Boers, four hundred in number, were sent by Mr. Pretorius to attack the Bakwains. . . . Besides killing a number of adults, they carried off two hundred of our school-children into slavery. . . . I can declare most positively that, except in the way of refusing to throw obstacles in the way of English teachers, Sechele never offended the Boers by word or deed. They wished to divert the trade into their own hands. They also plundered my house and property; smashed all the bottles containing medicines; tore all the books of my library; and carried off or destroyed a large amount



of property belonging to English gentlemen and traders. Of the women and children captured many of the former will escape; but the latter are reduced to a state of hopeless slavery. They are sold and bought as slaves; and I have myself seen and conversed with such, taken from their tribes and living as slaves in the houses of the Boers." Kruger was one who took part in this attack.

Pretorius, it is true, issued a declaration against slavery, but it was a mere dead letter, intended solely to impress the outside world, for at the moment of issuing it Pretorius himself was a slave owner. And when the pressure of outside opinion became too great for even the Boers to permit slavery, they established a system of imboking or apprenticing the children of the natives, which was only slavery under a very thin disguise.

Kruger himself had no weak sentimentalism about the rights of the natives. When his cattle ran short he took the blacks and harnessed them to the plough, and sjambok in hand, compelled them to work. You can still find natives in the Transvaal who, with half pride, will show their scarred backs with the marks of the sjambok got from the President's hands when they were serving as his oxen.

Yet another instance, which, more vividly than any description, shows the state of affairs existing between the blacks and the Boers. In 1854, Potgieter, a Boer, who was noted for his high-handed way of dealing with the natives, set out on a hunting expedition. It is said that he had stolen large numbers of children from a neighboring tribe. Under the chief Makaban the tribe rose, as Potgieter was passing by, and murdered him and his party in a most barbarous fashion, skinning him while he was alive, and treating his companions—men, women and children—almost as badly.



The news of the massacre sent a thrill through the white inhabitants of the Transvaal, and Pretorius, the Boer leader, determined to avenge it. He and a nephew of the murdered Potgieter gathered together an army of five hundred men, and proceeded to attack Makaban and his tribe. Paul Kruger was one of the commandants of the Boer forces. The Kaffirs, hearing of the approach of the white men, retreated to some subterranean caverns of vast extent. Pretorius held a council of war, and decided to blast the rocks above the caverns, and thus crush and bury the savages alive under the ruins. This plan was attempted, but proved unfeasible, so the caves were then surrounded and rigorously watched day and night to prevent the wretches within escaping, or any outside coming to their relief. Fences and barriers were built around the rocks, and great loads of timber and stone piled into the openings of the caverns. The men, women and children had no water, and soon an intolerable thirst drove them out. The women and children, we are told, died after they had drunk a little water; but whether they died from Boer bullets or not is by no means clear. It is certain, however, that every Kaffir man who showed himself at the cavern's mouth was promptly shot down. For three weeks this unequal siege lasted, and then the Boers forced their way in, only to be driven back by the horrible smell of the reeking corpses. No less than nine hundred Kaffirs were shot down at the entrance of the cave; and how many more died in agonies of thirst within will never be known. This incident, though the most prominent in the story of the Boer dealings with the blacks, stands by no means alone.

At this siege the nephew of the Potgieter who was murdered acted as Assistant Commander-in-Chief. One day he was standing on the upper side of the entrance

to the cavern making observations, when a shot pierced his neck, and he fell down dead inside. Kruger was close by, and without hesitation he rushed in the cave amidst a shower of bullets and brought the corpse safely back.

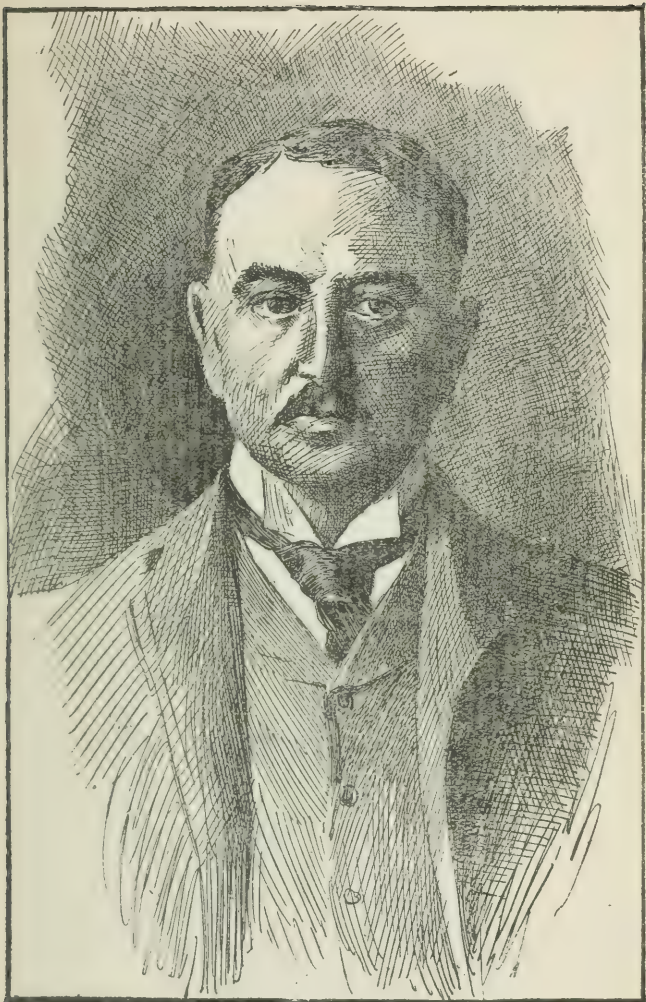
It would be wearisome to tell of the campaigns Kruger led or took part in against the natives. He himself puts the number at about fifteen. He had innumerable narrow escapes. His clothes were often pierced by bullets or assegais, but he seemed to have a charmed life, and was never once even wounded.

A writer in the *New Age* recently told from personal knowledge a story of Kruger's dealings with the natives which is worth quoting:

"On one occasion, in 1869, an event occurred which might have altered altogether the history of the Transvaal. Kruger, finding his ordinary hands insufficient to gather in his harvest, which was exceptionally heavy, rode over to a town of the Bakhatla, under the chief Khamanyani, and peremptorily ordered the chief to send him a number of laborers. Khamanyani expressed regret at being unable to do so, giving as his reason that his people were all harvesting, and if they had to cease work to harvest Baas Kruger's crops, their own would be spoilt. Kruger in rage, jumped off his horse, and with his sjambok lashed at the chief furiously. Several of the native witnesses rushed with uplifted sticks to kill the white man who had thus assaulted their chief in his own council yard, but Khamanyani, smarting as he was from the blows received, restrained them. That night the whole tribe, some thousands in number, left their homes and their land, and fled across the Limpopo River, taking refuge in Sechele's territory, for they feared, if they stayed after what had occurred, they would be wiped out. I do not wish it to be inferred from this example

of the Boer method of treating natives that the President is, or was, a monster of cruelty; on the contrary, he has a most benevolent disposition—where whites are concerned. He would stop in the road at any time, however much occupied by affairs of State, to dry the tears of a child."

The Boer attitude to the natives was well defined in one of the articles of the Fundamental Law. "The people," it is said, "will admit of no equality of persons of color with white inhabitants, neither in state nor church." With that guiding rule Oom Paul was, and is, in perfect accord.



CECIL RHODES.



## CHAPTER VI.

### KRUGER AS A BRITISH OFFICIAL.

In 1852 the British Empire was suffering from a strange attack of indolence, apathy, and indifference. Downing street seemed for the time to care nothing for the prospects of empire, or for our duties and promises to weaker races. England was, for the moment, a "weary Titan," anxious to roll off the load of greatness from its back. Colonies were esteemed a weakness, not a strength, and Africa, the key-stone of our Empire, was regarded by our responsible Ministers as not worth serious consideration. It was in this mood that England signed the Sand River Convention, granting the Transvaal its independence, pledging England to make no encroachment or enter into no treaties with the native tribes north of the Vaal River, and binding the Boers to abolish slavery.

The Boers had now all they had asked. They were absolutely independent, but yet they were not happy. The spirit of progress, which they had in vain tried to shut out, penetrated their land. The young people were not all content to remain ignorant; they wanted schools, they wanted some of the comforts of civilization which their fathers had thrown on one side. To obtain manufactured articles from other lands they must have some more ready means of exchange than barter, and so the young Republic found it necessary to have its own coinage. Kruger was now one of the Executive Council, the small body that ruled the land. The President and Coun-



cil imagined that they could make as much money as they liked by the simple process of turning on a printing press and printing off notes of any nominal value.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the evil state of the Republic at this time. A quotation from Chesson's "Dutch Republics," gives a vivid picture of 1868: "The country is miserably poor, and public credit is at so low an ebb that the paper currency (which is the only money circulating in the Republic) is worth next to nothing; articles being sometimes sold at 500 per cent. above their real value, in order to eke out a profit. . . . There are laws, but obedience to them is far from general. Little if any respect for authority exists. There are many high-sounding officials and departments, but there is no unity of action among them, and they are mostly maintained for show. One or two districts are in a state of open revolt against a government which is weak and imbecile as it is notoriously cruel. Education is all but neglected. The State does not support more than four schools, and the teachers complain that they cannot get their salaries."

As another writer at the same time put it, "The Volksraad is incapable to make laws, the Executive is too feeble to carry them out, and the people on the whole too indifferent to obey them. Nothing but confusion, disorder, stagnation."

Isolation and reaction had conspicuously failed, and even the most fanatical of the Voortrekkers realized that, unless utter anarchy was to supervene, there must be a change. When Pretorius, son of the famous old Voortrekker, resigned, the people for once put even their religious prejudices on one side, and chose as their President a gifted, enlightened, and progressive minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, Thomas Burgers.

Burger threw himself into his new task with zeal. He

went to Europe and raised loans to tide the Republic over its financial crisis. He started schools, cut roads, reorganized the Government, and even threw the whole of his private fortune into the national treasury. But he had one fatal fault which the Boers would never forgive. He was not a Dopper: in fact, he was not even strictly orthodox, but "Liberaalen," or a Broad Churchman. The suspicious farmers had overlooked this at the moment of election, but they ever remembered it against him. The countrymen formed a clique, headed by Paul Kruger, to put obstacles in the way of Burgers.

Kruger was elected Vice-President, and for some time he and his allies seem to have very effectually acted the part of the dog in the manger. They grumbled while the country was going to ruin, without putting out a hand to save it. The country was threatened by the Zulus, but for the time the Boers seemed to have even lost their love of fighting, for they would not loyally respond to the President's call to fight the natives. The farmers refused to pay taxes and the Government could not compel them. All the loans were swallowed up, Burgers's private fortune had disappeared, and it was impossible to borrow more even on the personal security of the Executive.

Cetywayo was threatening to overwhelm the land with his impis, and a campaign against Sekukuni led to serious Boer repulses. It seemed plain that if in a few weeks something was not done, the Transvaal Republic would be swept out of existence by the blacks.

At this moment Great Britain stepped in. Lord Carnarvon was planning to make South Africa a great confederated dominion, under the British flag, like Canada, where men of many races should work loyally, peacefully, and equally together. It was a noble dream. Partly to help on this scheme, partly to relieve the Transvaal from

its difficulties, Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent as Her Majesty's Commissioner to Pretoria, with authority to annex the Transvaal if necessary.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone has since come in for much abuse, but few can study at first hand the condition of Pretoria at that time without learning that he acted with the greatest wisdom and foresight. He was himself an Afrikaner, trusted by the people, skilled in managing even the most intractable farmers, and with clear views of what he wanted. The people as a whole welcomed him. Those with some remnants of the Voortrekker spirit still left were so disheartened that they hardly cared to even whisper a protest. Amidst general agreement he hoisted the British flag.

A small majority, amongst whom was Kruger, protested, and Kruger and a Hollander official, Dr. Jorissen, went to Europe to repeat their protest. But even they finally gave in, and on his return Kruger accepted office under the new administration.

Shepstone brought for the time peace and rest. His personal influence kept back the natives, and finally Cetywayo was fought and overcome by the British army. Shepstone in formal proclamation declared that the Transvaal would remain a separate Government, with its own laws and legislature, enjoying the fullest legislative privileges compatible with the circumstances of the country. All existing laws were to be retained until altered by a proper authority, and the Dutch language was to be used equally with the English as the official tongue. In short, Shepstone contemplated a self-governing colony, with equal rights for all white men, under the protection of the Union Jack.

Had this programme been loyally carried out, there would have been no Transvaal question. The Transvaal would have been to-day a contented and prosperous part

of the Empire, and the old hatred between Dutch and English would be now in South Africa as much a matter of ancient history as the hatred between French and English is in Canada. But it was not to be.

Perhaps the officials thought Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been too successful, and was taking too much honor. Perhaps amongst the dummies and mummies of red tape departments there was even jealousy of him. At all events, he was recalled, and a military man of the old school, Sir Owen Lanyon, put in his place.

English capital and English settlers had flocked in, and the land was once more putting on an air of prosperity. But the promised representative government never came. Sir Owen Lanyon was not to blame for this, for he could not force the hands of the home authorities of Whitehall. But he did not understand the Boers. He and his English followers despised them, scoffed at their courage, defied their prejudices. The Independence party, that at first had been next to powerless, grew almost daily in numbers and strength. The farmers looked to their guns, and Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius quietly but persistently carried on their agitation. Kruger had previously to this resigned his Government post.

The Independence party received both moral and material support from England. Mr. Gladstone, in the height of his Midlothian campaign, used the annexation of the Transvaal as a scourge for the Conservative Government. A very different party helped secretly. The Physical Force section in Ireland saw in the Transvaal their opportunity, and there is good reason to believe that they rendered Kruger and his allies monetary aid through Alfred Aylward, a well-known and able Fenian exile.

Month by month the agitation grew fiercer. There was a section, even of the Boer farmers, still in favor of leaving things alone, but it was overborne. The discon-

tent was helped by the rigorous manner in which the British authorities at Pretoria enforced the taxes, and there seems no doubt but that in many instances the administration acted both harshly and unjustly.

When Mr. Gladstone was elected to office in 1880, the Boers felt confident that he, who had so strongly advocated their cause while in opposition, would now grant them the liberty they desired. They did not understand that English political system by which, however much the opposition may fight against a measure, they seldom repeal it, once passed, when they return to power.

Even the English inhabitants of Pretoria called on the Government to fulfill its promises of granting representative government; but England seemed to have been seized with madness in its Transvaal policy.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE APPEAL TO ARMS.

It is a sad task for any Englishman to have to go over the time that followed. Happily it only concerns us so far as it is bound up with Kruger's own story.

Although Kruger had organized the opposition he did not want war. He knew the strength of England, and the perils such a campaign must mean; and though none has doubted his personal courage, he wished to keep the appeal to arms as the very last resort. But the farmers grew more and more restive. At every meeting they had fresh stories to tell of British injustice, of still more limitations to their liberty, of the seizure of leaders, of English taunts about their cowardice, of iniquitous imposts, of a farcical Volksraad, of oppression which no free men could endure. Kruger exercised all his influence to calm them, and give them patience.

The whole country was as a powder mine, and soon a lighted match was put to it. Bezhuidenot, a farmer, son of a man who was hanged by the British nearly sixty years before for rebellion, was summoned by the authorities for taxes. He really owed £14, but the tax-gatherers, making a "mistake" common to them then, demanded £27 5s. Bezhuidenot offered to pay the £14, but the magistrate ordered him now to pay costs, £13 5s., bringing the total up to the original sum. He refused to pay this, whereupon the Sheriff seized a wagon of his, and announced its sale by auction.

Stung by the injustice of the affair, a party of Bezhuidenot's neighbors forcibly seized the wagon and bore it



off in triumph. Sir Owen Lanyon sent a party of soldiers to arrest the ringleaders. The soldiers were met by a large party of armed Boers, who openly defied them.

The Boers sent for Kruger, who hurried up. He met the officer and talked over the matter with him. "I only arrived last night," said Kruger. "Before I came I was not aware that matters were so dark and threatening. I came to try to prevent the shedding of blood. Here you see all these men armed, and they are determined to fight. If it is in my power, I shall do all that I can to prevent them from coming to blows. For years I have striven to do this, but now it is the last and final effort I shall make. If they will not listen to me, then I must wash my hands of it, and I can truly say that I have done my utmost."

The ringleaders were not given up, but the Boers held a great meeting at Pardekraal, and on December 12 their leaders, headed by Kruger, signed a declaration of independence. No President was chosen, but Kruger was declared Vice-President, and with Joubert and Pretorius he made up a triumvirate, to carry on a provisional government. The Boers did not enter into the matter gladly, for they hardly dared anticipate a favorable result. As one of their journalistic advocates in Natal said a few weeks earlier, "No doubt the Boers don't expect to gain much, but they mean that 'some shall die for the people.' " The leaders did not hope at first for more than a removal of the worst of their grievances, or for so impressing the outside world as to convince it and compel the English policy toward them to be changed. As the days passed and unexpected success met their arms, their ambition grew wider, and they thought to have all South Africa as one great Afrikaner dominion. "With confidence we lay our case before the whole world, be it that we conquer or we die," said they. "Liberty shall rise

from Africa like the sun from the morning clouds, like liberty rose in the United States of North America. Then it will be from the Zambesi to Simon's Bay, Africa for the Afrikanders!"

The English, one and all, at first heartily despised their opponents. Charges of cowardice were freely leveled, and nothing rankled more in the Boer mind. "Do you English call us cowards now!" they shouted a few weeks after, when they had won victory after victory. Even Sir Garnet Wolseley at first scoffed at "these ignorant men, led by a few designing fellows, who are talking nonsense and spouting sedition."

Kruger was now the admitted Boer leader, and from the headquarters at Heidelberg he saw to everything. The attitude he maintained throughout the campaign was that of one who was fighting for God and liberty. This is best shown in a proclamation to his forces after the battle of Majuba Hill.

## ORDER OF THE DAY.

To the Commandant General, Commanders, Officers and Burghers in the Transvaal Army at Drakensberg.

MEN AND BROTHERS—Our hearts urge us to say a word to you. We know that the whole South African Republic looks up to you with gratitude. We glory not in human power, it is God the Lord who has helped us—the God of our fathers, to whom, for the last five years, we have addressed our prayers and our supplications. He has done great things for us, and hearkened to our prayers.

And you, noble and valiant brothers, have been in His hands the means of saving us; your valor and courage have proved to the mighty power which so unjustifiably assailed us that even the weakest people, fighting for its

liberty, is able to effect prodigies of valor. Three times now—at Laing's Nek, at Skheyn's Hoogte—you have with your small force repulsed and beaten an overwhelming enemy. Cannon and treacherous and horrifying missiles have not dismayed you.

You Commandant General writes, not speaking of himself (he is too noble to praise himself)—no, speaking of officers and very young warriors: "My regard for them is great, their names deserve to be preserved with those of Wellington and Napoleon." We repeat it after His Honor, and make it general of the Commandant General and of every burgher who fought. Our regard for you is great; in the name of the Fatherland we thank you, you have deserved much of the Fatherland.

Continue so to the end. The God who guides the hearts of kings like running brooks will deliver us. Trust in Him.

The Government of the South African Republic,

S. J. P. KRUGER, Vice-President.

South African Republic Government House, Heidelberg,  
March 7, 1881.

The conscience of the British Government, which had been deaf to appeals, awoke to the clash of arms. The troops whom the Boer army had conquered were very small bodies, only six hundred Englishmen being engaged even in Majuba Hill. An army of ten thousand men, under Sir Evelyn Wood, was dispatched hastily to the front, but before it could engage the Boers, the home Government ordered an armistice. The now triumphant Triumvirate met General Wood in a little farm-house under the shadow of Majuba Hill, and there discussed terms. It is an open secret that Sir Evelyn Wood had prayed the home Government to let him fight the Boers first, being

confident that he had them in the hollow of his hand ; but he was ordered to make peace.

The terms arranged excited deep disgust on both sides. England granted the Transvaal its independence in internal affairs, reserving control over foreign relations, and the power to move troops through the country in time of war. A royal commission was to fix up the boundaries and other debatable matters, and until it had done so the Transvaal was to remain under British rule.

Sir Evelyn Wood felt deeply being obliged by his Government to make such a peace ; but the Boer burghers were still more indignant. They were now confident of their power to drive the English into the sea ; why, then, should they be obliged to cease fighting for a compromise like that ? For days Kruger, Pretorius, and Joubert were unceasingly abused by their own side.

But Kruger knew, none better, that it was one thing to meet small British forces, another to fight a British army corps. His men were not then organized, nor were they so strong as in later years. He, at least, had no delusion that he had beaten England. Speaking some years afterward to the representative of a London newspaper, he was emphatic on this point :

“Amajuba !” repeated the President with warmth, in answer to a question of the correspondent. “It’s all wrong about Amajuba. I am sorry to see that the English people seem to keep up such a foolish feeling about that. People say we think we conquered the English. I’ll tell you what we do think, and not one man, or two, but all the men in the Republic.” The President paused a moment, and blew out a cloud of smoke with great energy. He was not in the least phlegmatic, by the way, in conversation, but forcible, voluble, prone to gesture. “We think that the English did not know what were the wishes of our people when they took the country away

from us. Then we said, we will show them that we do love our country. We knew that England was much stronger, but we said, sooner than have our country taken away from us unjustly, we will fight until we die. Then the English people saw that they were in the wrong and they gave us back our country. You can tell the English people that this is what we think. It is the busybodies who write to England and make out that we are always boasting about Amajuba who do the harm. But you can go and talk to the farmers, and you will find what I say is the truth.”\*

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\* *Pall Mall Gazette*, February, 1890.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### BUILDING THE REPUBLIC.

Kruger and his two allies, Joubert and Pretorius, had now before them a most difficult task, one calculated to tax to the utmost their power of statesmanship. They had to fight diplomatically with England to get the best terms possible, and at the same time they had to induce their own burghers to disarm and go peaceably home. It is safe to say that if the burghers had known at first all of the power England retained, there would have been almost a rebellion against Kruger. The burghers were not unnaturally somewhat intoxicated with their triumphs.

It says much both for the solid qualities of the Boer people and for the skill of Kruger that the few months immediately after the war passed off so well. The conditions now were altogether different to those before the war. Every one was forced to admit the impossibility of excluding outsiders from the land, but the new question was how to control them. Kruger fixed his line of policy. He, a countryman, would be the advocate of the countryman as against the townsman. Everywhere else on the earth, the power of the country diminishes and the power of the towns grows. In his land, the towns should be as nothing, while the power of the few farmers should be supreme. Accordingly, boroughs were disfranchised, and the old policy of putting the voting power in the hands of every white man was reversed for a more limited franchise.

On August 8, 1881, the flag of the new Republic was hoisted at Pretoria, and Kruger and his colleagues issued



a proclamation, declaring that "Our motto is 'Unity and Reconciliation,' our liberty is, 'Law and Order.'" In spite of much grumbling, they showed the people that the Government of the future meant to be a real ruling power. Their great difficulty was lack of money. The farmers retained their inherited hatred of paying taxes, even to their own authorities, and they smuggled to avoid the customs and cheated to get the best of the rate collector. It may be asked how folks who pride themselves on their religion could do this. It is not my business to explain human nature, so I cannot say. But those who ask the question should also ask why it is that the Strict Presbyterian elder in the Highlands of Scotland takes pride in drinking whisky "that has never paid a penny to the gaugers," or how decent country folks in Northumberland think it no shame to eat smuggled salmon. Human nature is very much alike all over the world.

To make money, Kruger was forced on a line of policy which has since been one of the great industrial curses of his State—the granting of concessions and monopolies to traders. This served a treble purpose. It enabled him not only to get some cash, but to reward his political favorites or allies, and to cripple the activity of his opponents. He defended it to the Volksraad on the ground that it protected infant industries. At the same time, Kruger built up a rigid tariff wall around his land, rewarding his old allies, the Dutch farmers of the Free State and the Cape, by excluding their produce.

In 1883 the election of the President took place, and Kruger was chosen by a majority of over two to one, about five thousand votes being cast. His rival was Joubert, who for years has been the only man in the Transvaal who can in any way approach him in public esteem. Joubert is generally regarded as more progressive than Kruger, and more inclined to be friendly with the Eng-

lish; but he has not the staying power, the organizing skill, or the ability to mold men as he will, that the President shows. The two work together in office, partners yet competitors.

In the winter of 1883-4 Kruger made his second visit to England. The Rand had never been satisfied with the convention of 1881, and it was thought that there was now a chance of securing better terms from England. Lord Derby was Colonial Secretary, and he was neither keen for imperial progress, nor far-sighted in seeing what steps were necessary to guard the future. Accordingly, Messrs. Kruger, Smit, and du Toit, the delegates, found him just the man they wished. They did not get all they wanted, but they secured very much. In the new Convention of London the suzerainty of England was passed over without mention, save for the right to approve or disapprove of treaties with all nations except the Orange Free State. The Transvaal renewed its old pledge to forbid slavery or "imboking." The power of England to move troops through the State in time of war disappeared. Provision was made for certain minor affairs, such as the currency in which old debts were to be paid and the like, but the really vital matters of international intercourse, save the delimitation of boundaries, were ignored. It was a case where British prescience might have saved endless future trouble, but there seemed no one on our side with the necessary foresight.

A little incident during this visit showed more than anything else the financial straits of the Transvaalers. I repeat the story as it has been told in South African circles ever since. Kruger and his associates found their money running very short in London. They had to stay at a good hotel, as befitted their position, but they had not enough money to meet their hotel bill. They were in sore trouble when an English speculator, Baron Grant, came

to the rescue. He would pay their hotel bill if they signed a little letter for him. The letter was drawn up by Grant's secretary, and duly copied and issued by the secretary of the Transvaal Commissioners. No one saw at that time how important that letter would afterwards prove. Baron Grant was floating some Transvaal properties on the English market, and wished for assurance of their protection; but the letter went much further than that. It practically gave free invitation to the Outlanders to come into the land, and assured them of good treatment. Had Kruger seen what was coming, he would surely have rather had any trouble over hotel bills than agree to it.

During this visit the delegates went to several capitals on the Continent, and were everywhere made much of, for Europe was awakening to the fact that the Transvaal had a future before it. Kruger, the man whom English administrators had delighted to snub and patronize, found himself suddenly regarded as a master of men. Doubtless this visit helped to turn him more and more from England, and toward Holland, Germany, and Portugal. When the delegates were in Paris, Mrs. Crawford, the well-known journalist, interviewed them, and got an interesting account of their boyhood.

"Joubert said that the Transvaal Boers were hereditary marksmen. They were in past generations particular, whether Calvinists or Arminians, to have their children taught to read as a necessary part of religious instruction. Homesteads were at great distances from schools and churches; wild beasts and hostile Kaffirs infested the country. Still, to school the children had to go. Each boy was provided with a gun and a pouch supplied with ammunition. He was expected on his way back to keep his hand and eye in practice as a marksman, and showed he did so by bringing back a bag filled with game. The

Kaffirs stood in awe of these Transvaal children, who were taught not to be aggressive or to provoke attack. 'Is not that so, President?' said Joubert, in Dutch, to Kruger, who sat smoking a big pipe. 'Yes, we try to make our youngsters understand that the meek shall inherit the earth.' "

But though this may have been true enough of Joubert's schooldays, it was not of Kruger's, for he never had the privilege of tramping off to school.

## CHAPTER IX.

### KRUGER AS PHARAOH.

In 1886 the world was startled by the rumor of the discovery of a peculiar kind of gold-bearing conglomerate some thirty miles from Pretoria. At first, the gold experts of the world scoffed at the idea of the discovery being anything more than a nine days' wonder, but a few speculators bought up farms right and left in the district. Then it was found that the new field was the richest gold centre under the sun. At once a mad rush set in; the diamond mines at Kimberley had brought thousands of adventurers to South Africa; but diamond digging was already becoming rather a matter for great companies than for individual speculators. The adventurers flocked into the Transvaal, and were followed by thousands more.

A new city sprang up as though by magic, Johannesburg, and a fit of reckless share gambling began. Kruger and his farmers took little direct part in it, but it changed the whole situation for them. Their poverty was ended in a day. The farmers were able to sell part of their land for incredible sums, and farms that a year before would not have fetched a few thousand pounds, now changed hands for a quarter of a million or more. The burghers, from being almost the sole white inhabitants of the country, now found themselves as a minority of the white males. The Government taxes, that a few months earlier were barely enough to pay salaries, now filled the Treasury; and when the Volksraad, rising to the situa-

tion, quickly imposed new taxes to press on the strangers, it found itself rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

The burghers viewed the invasion at once with satisfaction, disgust, and alarm. They were satisfied in having passed from poverty to riches, in finding new customers for their farm produce and for their land, and in being able to shift the taxes from their own shoulders. But they saw that the presence of sixty thousand white strangers would create a new political situation. And while they liked the gold of the strangers, they yet heartily despised them. Not only were most of them Englishmen, whom the Dutch now one and all looked upon as fools and cowards, but they were not even sober, steady men. Johannesburg became the centre of the most riotous, extravagant, gay life. New mining cities are rarely the ideal abodes of law and order, and Johannesburg was at first more disorderly than the usual run. For this both Boers and Outlanders were to blame, but the main blame must be laid on President Kruger's administration. The President and Volksraad were the makers and the administrators of the law, and had they spent some of their newly-found wealth on an adequate police force, they could have secured the same outward decency as was afterwards to be found in Dawson City during its boom.

Instead of that, the President and Volksraad forgot their duty in their keen eagerness to make money. Sanitation was ignored, and very many strangers died from typhoid and similar preventable diseases. Members of the President's family secured shares in liquor monopolies, which piled up hundreds of thousands for them, at the cost of the bodies and souls of the victims of their traffic. The burghers allowed the strangers to be as outwardly immoral as they liked, so long as they paid well for the privilege. The local police force was little more than a body of bribed and incompetent nobodies.



At first the strangers did not care. They were too eager to make money to think of health or good government, or the like. When a man could double his fortune in an hour, he had no time to see about a vote. But gradually Johannesburg settled down. The days of the great boom were followed by the inevitable depression, and then the people sought to put their house in order. The wilder spirits went elsewhere, and the mining industry began to establish itself on a sound commercial basis. Mining in the Transvaal has to be undertaken, not by the small parties of miners with picks and shovels, but by combinations possessing large capital and laying down expensive machinery.

When the speculative fever was followed by a time of sound industrial progress, the capitalists at the head of the new undertakings looked around to see how things could be improved. There were several obvious things at once necessary. The capitalists could not perhaps be expected, as business men, to concern themselves very much about sanitation and such things, but they wanted the ordinary conveniences for transacting business that can be had in every other civilized land. First they wanted a railway. Everything had then to be brought hundreds of miles up country by ox-wagon, the slowest and most costly possible method of conveying goods. They wanted, not unnaturally, to be either able to manufacture or else to import the articles, such as dynamite, necessary for mining. They wanted to have their Kaffir laborers protected against the temptation of drink. They would have liked cheaper food.

These did not seem unreasonable demands, but Kruger would not listen to them. For long he resisted the railway, in every possible way, till at last he was practically forced to yield. He knew that railways would give strangers still greater facilities for entering his land, and even now,

had he been able, he would have liked to exclude them. That was too late, but he could at least make it as hard as possible for them to come. The proposal of the mine owners to import or manufacture their own dynamite he opposed for a more intelligible reason. He wanted dynamite manufactured in the country itself, in order to have facilities for securing a supply in case of war. This is not the place to enter into all the scandals of the dynamite business. Those who want to know them will find all they want in the report of President Kruger's own Commission of Inquiry in 1896. But though the abuses were thus openly revealed, they still remain unredressed. The only reason which the most careful investigator can find why the native liquor traffic was not checked is because the relatives and friends of the President reaped very considerable profit from it.

The Outlanders appealed time after time to the President for redress. He sometimes sent them away with soft words, sometimes with abuse, for growing years had made his temper very treacherous. Often he would explain to them that he would gladly give them what they wanted, but his burghers would not immediately consent, and must be brought round. For a time this deceived the outside world, and English journalists drew sad pictures of the progressive and enlightened President, checked in his beneficent career by a stubborn and intractable peasantry. I remember at the time discussing the point with a famous Afrikaner jurist and statesman, an old and intimate friend of the President. Our talk had turned on the question of reform, and, to my surprise, my companion emphatically declared, "There will be no real reform while Paul Kruger is President!" "But he has just been saying how gladly he would satisfy his Outlander friends if he could," I protested. "That is all nonsense," the statesman replied. "I know Oom Paul as well as I know

any man, and in many ways I have the sincerest admiration for him. But he is not a reformer. If he wanted reform he could have it to-morrow, for he can do just what he pleases with his Volksraad. When he dies reform will certainly come, and come quickly. But so long as he remains in power the Outlanders will not get a single real concession." That conversation took place several years back, and every day since has proved the truth of my companion's view.

The President could be very rough to deputations when he pleased, especially when he got the worst in argument. His stock reply to any demand for reform was that it would imperil the independence of the country. When an Outlander deputation talked of protesting, he shouted fiercely, "Protest! What is the use of protesting? I have the guns, you haven't." Another time, there were some Outlanders present at a meeting. "Friends," said the President, "you are not all friends here. There are some of you are murderers and thieves; nevertheless I will address you. Friends, murderers, and thieves."

The Outlanders thought at first that they might, by becoming citizens, obtain political power, and so influence legislation. Kruger saw this danger, and guarded against it. Originally an alien could be naturalized after five years' residence. A number of strangers came in in 1886-7, and would have obtained political power about 1893. So in 1890 the constitution of the Volksraad was changed, all the real power being put into the hands of a First Chamber, which was elected solely by those who had been eligible for ten years to vote for the Second Volksraad. In other words, a man must be fifteen years in the land before he could have any political power. This, of course, shut out all the Outlanders. Further laws were passed, the one result of which was, as President Kruger intended, that no Outlanders but a picked

few approved by him should have part in the government. In other words the Republic became an oligarchy, the countrymen exercising the power over the townsmen. The position was not new in the history of mankind, and had President Kruger studied the records of other lands, he would have learned that the struggle has always finally ended in one way—in the triumph of city over country.

The Outlanders petitioned and petitioned for some rights. "Go home and do your worst," the President once cried in wrath, "I will give you nothing." "If I grant them what they want," he another time told a friend, "I might as well haul down that flag at once," and he pointed as he spoke to the Transvaal colors flying outside. Another time he compared the Outlanders with a man who said to the driver of a wagon, "Give us the whip and the reins; our stock, our property, our interests, and our homes are also in this cart." But the driver replied, "Yes, that is all very fine, I admit your belongings are also in this cart, but where are you going to drive me to, and how do I know that you don't purpose upsetting me?"

"An English minister," he said, "once compared a growing state to a child, whose frock has to be enlarged each year. This simile is applicable to our State. We have had to change the frock of our child so often that there is danger she will soon outgrow her parents. This is only to be expected, for old people, after they have reached a certain age, are always subject to decay, and it is then that young people overtake them." But he determined that the decay of the Transvaal Republic should be prevented as long as possible.

In 1890 an event occurred that undoubtedly greatly deepened his distrust of the Outlanders. Kruger went to Johannesburg to assure the people, among other things

that he intended to build a railway. There was much mutual suspicion, he got a very bad reception, and in the evening the Transvaal flag was pulled down and destroyed. Some of the madder rioters had a big scheme behind. They contemplated nothing less than seizing the President and his guard, laying hold of the arsenal at Pretoria, arming the Outlanders, and declaring a revolution. Happily for them their scheme failed, for Jameson's Raid would have been nothing to the fiasco that would have resulted.

The friends of peace tried to make the President overlook the affair. Two years after they once more got him to visit the town. This time Johannesburg was happy, a public holiday was declared, and the Outlanders shouted themselves hoarse in the President's honor. "Lick-spittles!" the old man contemptuously declared, and not without cause, perhaps, for he had done nothing in the meantime to reconcile them.

Another incident, this time in 1894, showed the state of feeling. Sir Henry (now Lord) Loch visited Pretoria as High Commissioner about the question of commandeering, certain British subjects having been compelled to serve with the Boer forces in fighting against a native chief. The incident may best be related in Sir Henry Loch's own words:

"On my arrival at Pretoria I was met at the station by President Kruger, accompanied by many of his Executive. There was a great crowd at the station, and it was with the greatest difficulty that President Kruger was enabled to have the way cleared for himself and myself, going to his carriage. The crowd was a very excited crowd. They removed the President's coachman from the box and took out his horses. Two men clambered on the box with Union Jacks, and in this way we were conducted to Pretoria, a distance of from a quarter to half a



mile. On our arrival at the hotel where rooms had been prepared for me, there was a great crowd assembled in the streets wishing to present addresses. I reminded those who were anxious to present addresses to me that I was the guest of a friendly power, and I refused to receive any address unless proper consideration was paid to the President, to his Government, and to the people of the South African Republic. There was much excitement at Johannesburg at this period."

What was worse, the mob accidentally left President Kruger in his carriage at the door of Sir Henry's hotel, with the horses removed, and no way of getting forward. The High Commissioner had arranged to visit Johannesburg, but President Kruger begged him, as an act of international friendship, to give up that intended journey. Had he gone, there would undoubtedly have been an uprising of the English. So Sir Henry received a deputation at Pretoria, and there the talk turned on the question whether the Outlanders had any arms. Sir Henry intended, by asking the question, to show them the folly of their proposed rising, but they misunderstood him, and thought him to mean that if they had arms he would counsel resistance. This is the sense in which the deputation took it, and they remembered it to some purpose two years afterward.

It can hardly be wondered that President Kruger viewed these strangers with suspicion. "They remind me," said he, "of the old baboon chained up in my yard. When he burned his tail in the Kaffirs' fire the other day, he turned round and bit me, just after I had been feeding him."



## CHAPTER X.

### KRUGER AND THE GERMANS.

In dealing with England, Kruger's policy is to play one political party against another. In dealing with the world as a whole, his plan is to play one nation against another. Since 1884 he has constantly, and as far as possible secretly, sought to play German influences against British influences, in order to maintain his national independence. Some have imagined that he might even welcome a German Protectorate. This is not so; and he is perfectly well aware that such an idea is quite outside of practical politics. He has used the German to the utmost. He has given Germany considerable commercial advantages; but he would fight as bitterly against German supremacy as he is now doing against English.

His first attempt to approach Germany was in 1884, on his visit to Europe to secure the revision of the convention. At that time he visited Berlin, and was brought in close contact with members of the rapidly growing German Colonial party. In South Africa and England our statesmen had either treated him with contempt or an ill-concealed and irritating patronage, as though they were infinitely superior to this farmer-soldier-statesman. In Berlin, on the contrary, Kruger found himself at once a hero and an honored guest. Prince Bismarck declared him to be one of the greatest diplomats of the century; and the old Kaiser not only conversed with his guest in Low German, but discovered close religious sympathies with him. Kruger, in turn, spoke openly to his host. "Your Majesty," he said, "you are an old gentleman, and

govern a powerful Empire. The Transvaal, when compared to Germany, is only a little child. Such a child looks for help to his parents and guardians. It may fall down, and then it wants to be helped up again. If we in the Transvaal are again in great need, will you help and deliver us?"

The ambitious members of the German Colonial party thought they saw in Kruger one who could help them to check the British advance in South Africa. There were many discussions about what should be done and how; and soon after Kruger returned home the plans were translated into action. According to the convention of 1884, the western frontier of the Transvaal was strictly defined, this being purposely done in order to keep open for England the great trade route through Africa. This did not suit the Boers, who strongly objected to being penned in by any exact borders. The Germans had already seized Damaraland; and the Boers conceived a scheme of annexing Bechuanaland, and thus having a solid line of territory right across Africa, preventing the British advance north. Hardly had Kruger returned to Pretoria before bodies of Boers openly organized in the Transvaal and invaded Bechuanaland. The expedition was not under the official protection of the Transvaal Government, but among its leaders were Transvaal officials; and President Kruger perfectly well knew what was going on, even if he did not, as many shrewdly suspect, quietly arrange for the whole thing. The raiders murdered one British official—Commander Bethell—in most cowardly fashion. They attacked Mafeking, and tried by force to assert sovereignty over the whole country. They induced, or forced, native chiefs to invite them to establish republics there; and in due course President Kruger issued a proclamation taking these new republics under the protection of the Transvaal. It was a very

pretty bit of work, and had it only succeeded it would have curbed Great Britain in most effectual fashion. Doubtless Kruger, when he had got so much already by bluffing England, thought he might well try to get a little more; but England was awake this time.

John Mackenzie, the missionary and administrator, had been lecturing and lobbying in England to show what the Boer advance meant. Mr. Rhodes, then just coming to the front, helped in the same thing. The British Government, struck by the insolence of the whole affair, sent an ultimatum to the Transvaal, compelling Kruger to withdraw his proclamation. It also sent a military expedition to Bechuanaland that drove the rebels and raiders back to their own home. It was the remembrance of this and similar raids that made many old Afrikaners smile sneeringly at the Boers' virtuous indignation over Dr. Jameson's Raid. A treaty of commerce with Germany was one of the steps in cementing the alliance; but, further than that, Kruger proceeded in every possibly way to favor the Germans. They shared with the Hollanders all the plums in monopolies and concessions; so much so, in fact, that many of the old Boers loudly grumbled. When the Delagoa Bay railway was built, the Germans held more shares than either the Hollanders or the Republic. The railway was managed apparently to favor German traders, wherever favoritism could be shown. The Germans backed up Kruger by pouring capital into the country, and such trifles as the dynamite monopoly directly taxed every mine owner for their benefit. In at least one case, in a Government contract for electrically lighting the town of Pretoria, only four German firms were allowed to compete. German military officers were brought over, and when Dr. Leyds went to Europe in the autumn of 1896, with £85,000 of the Secret Service money at his back, it was commonly believed that he

meant to directly subsidize the immigration of old German soldiers to the Transvaal.

In 1885, Kruger publicly, on the Kaiser's birthday, declared his policy of friendship for Germany, and later on, when the railway to Delagoa Bay was opened, four German men-o'-war were sent to take part in the festivities, and Kruger was received on them with almost royal honors. But it was not until January, 1896, that English people as a whole really awoke to the seriousness of the German menace. After the defeat of Jameson and his men, the Kaiser sent a cable to Kruger publicly congratulating him on his victory. "I express to you," wrote the Kaiser, "my sincere congratulations that, without appealing to the help of friendly powers, you and your people have succeeded in repelling with your own forces the armed bands which had broken into your country, and in maintaining the independence of your country against foreign aggression." This was not all. Another German man-o'-war was ordered to Delagoa Bay; and the German Minister used the utmost pressure on the Portuguese Government to induce it to permit the landing of a force of marines, and their passage through Portuguese territory into the Transvaal. The Portuguese refused.

This act did more than arouse England—it put Kruger himself on guard. He clearly saw that the German design now was to obtain a direct protectorate over his country. He was hardly in a position at that moment to publicly snub the Kaiser; but his friend and ally, Mr. Hofmeyr, leader of the Afrikaner Bond, did it for him by openly laughing at the Emperor's telegram as bluster, and prophesying that the first result of German war with England would be to lose Germany all her African possessions.

## CHAPTER XI.

### STORM, STRESS AND STRAIN.

For the past eight years, President Kruger's position has been anything but a bed of roses. The last decade of the century opened badly for him. His own burghers were growing restive, his personal popularity was declining, his rival, Joubert, was rapidly growing in power, relations with England were stormy, and the Outlanders were threatening rebellion. Even the Dutch of the Free State had for the time turned against him. A number of officials had been brought in from Holland, greatly to the disgust of burghers who were exploiting the land for their benefit. It is easy enough to blame President Kruger for this, and there were no more severe critics about this matter than his own people. But he sorely felt the need of trained and capable assistants; his own people had been so isolated that they could not give him the legal, scientific, and technical knowledge he wanted. He dared not trust the English and appoint them; for he did not like Englishmen, and he knew that they would probably use their posts to further Outlander claims. Hollanders and Germans were the only outsiders he could trust to work with him.

People, too, were throwing against him the charge of corruption. It may be well here to detail the chief grounds on which that charge is urged. First comes the fact that he accepted the present of the house in which he now resides from a Mr. Nellmapius, and shortly afterward bestowed on that gentleman the sole right to erect



a distillery and manufacture spirits from purchased fruit and grain. Later, he gave him the sole right to erect a jam factory. The second ground of the charge of corruption is that he got the Volksraad to sanction the making of a road across his estate at a cost of £5,000, which would be of absolutely no use to any one but the owner of the farm. There are one or two minor affairs which need not be included. How far these two acts constitute political corruption, each reader can best decide for himself. Certainly, compared with other things that have gone on in the Transvaal, they are mere nothings.

In 1893 the Progressive party prepared itself for a great battle. The election of the first Volksraad took place that year, and also the presidential contest. The Progressives put forward General Joubert as their candidate, and money was poured forth liberally on both sides. In Cape Colony and Natal, the standard of political conduct, and the attitude toward bribery and corruption, is much the same as it was in England a century ago. Kruger had evidently been studying the ways of some of the political bosses of the United States, for he annexed their methods in wholesale fashion. As President, he had control of the machinery of the elections, and he used that for his own purpose. Few, if any, doubt that General Joubert really secured a majority of the votes at that election: but when the final poll was declared, Kruger was announced to have 7,881 votes, and Joubert 7,009. The Joubert party seriously considered the advisability of appealing to arms against Kruger, but better counsels prevailed. Kruger was once more triumphant.

Quarrels with England were frequent. The Boers wanted Swaziland, and Kruger made all manner of unofficial promises of the good things he would do if he only got it. Various raids into British territory were started, and more than once England and the Transvaal seemed



at the point of war, and fighting was only avoided by Kruger giving way.

Meanwhile a new man had arisen in South Africa, Cecil Rhodes. He and Kruger had first come to dispute over the Bechuanaland question, and soon they knocked against each other in further ways. In England there seems to be a common idea that all South African politics are summed up in the names of Rhodes and Kruger. This is far from correct, but it is certain that the two stand as the great representatives of the two divergent lines of policy—Rhodes for British supremacy and equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi, Kruger for an independent Afrikaner nation. Rhodes as Premier of Cape Colony, head of the diamond trust, "De Beers," chief of the great Transvaal mining company, the Consolidated Gold Fields, and founder of Rhodesia, could not be ignored. In extending the dominions of the Empire over Matabeleland and Mashonaland, he closed the North to the Boers as a separate people. At first, he wanted to work with Kruger, as he worked with the Cape Dutch; and he went out of his way to make friendly advances. But the old President would have none of him. Kruger quickly got the idea that Rhodes was the cause of all his troubles, and a bitter hatred of him sprang up. During the past few years, the very mention of his name is enough to send the old man into a violent temper, and his favorite adjective for him is "Murderer." In common speech, he does not talk of "Mr. Rhodes," but of "That Murderer," and every one knows whom he means.

As head of the Consolidated Gold Fields, Mr. Rhodes had a large pecuniary interest in securing good government in the Transvaal; while, as Premier of Cape Colony, he wanted the everlasting disturbances there ended. The other great mine owners of Johannesburg joined with him, and together they fixed up a nice little plot. Dr.

Jameson, the Administrator of Rhodesia, was to bring a large portion of the Chartered Company's forces to Mafeking, on the borders of the Transvaal. At the same time, arms were to be smuggled into Johannesburg, and the Outlanders were to be quietly organized. At a given signal the Boer arsenal at Pretoria was to be seized, the Outlanders armed, the President arrested, and a new provisional government proclaimed. At the same time Jameson was to ride over the border with a thousand men to help the new government.

Kruger had a shrewd idea of what was going on, though he did not realize the full extent of the plot. In a gruff and biting sentence he told his people that they must wait till the tortoise put its head out of the shell, and then they could stamp on it.

But the reformers started quarreling among themselves as to whether the new government was to be under Great Britain or not. Urgent messages were sent to Dr. Jameson to delay his invasion until this point was settled, but the Administrator brushed them on one side, as though he had never heard them. Rash, bold, he believed that one good rush would finish the business; and on the evening of the last Sunday in 1895 he and his men struck over into Transvaal territory.

Their story is well known. Meanwhile, how were things going at Pretoria? Kruger's spies had served him badly, for he did not expect so quick a development. On New Year's morning the British agent, Sir Jacobus de Wet, was urgently summoned out of bed to go to the President. He found him up, with a number of his leading officials around him. He was greatly excited, declaring that two thousand men from Johannesburg, with Maxims and cannon, were marching on Pretoria. A horse was standing ready saddled in his stable, to take him out of danger, and poor Mrs. Kruger, for once

startled into some kind of interest in politics, was wondering how her old man would ride, "for," declared she, "he has not been on the saddle for twenty years."

Pretoria was in a panic, but it soon discovered the needlessness of its fright. Messengers were sent out on all sides, and before many hours the Boer farmers flocked in from a hundred districts ready to defend their leader with their lives.

There is no need to tell the old tale, of how the Boer once more won, how Kruger played with his prisoners like a cat with a mouse, and how he succeeded in using the failure to place Johannesburg wholly under his heel.

He had only one regret in his hour of triumph. He believed that Cecil Rhodes was the main mover in the affair, and he wanted him punished. "What is the use of whipping the little dogs when the big one is out of reach?" he asked.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FAILURE.

Kruger had now everything in his own hands. Johannesburg was tired of politics, and revolutions were at a discount. England felt its hands were tied, and that for that time it must leave the Transvaal to work out its own fate. The most moderate exercise of real statesmanship, of wisdom toward his opponents, of generosity, would have made all right. Fifteen years before Kruger might have done this; now he was too much set on his own way to swerve an inch.

Good counselors who had proved their devotion to him through long years begged him to act up to his declaration of peace to Johannesburg. But other counselors were not wanting; and some of the Hollander officials were tireless in painting the picture of an independent South Africa, secured in its independence by the Continent of Europe, over which Kruger should rule as President. At times Kruger's speeches seemed to point in one direction, at times to another, but the end was always the same. The heel was ground more firmly on the Outlanders, till the cry of their suffering filled the earth.

Even in England very little sympathy was now felt for the Johannesburgers. It was thought (not altogether justly) that they had fooled away their chances, and deserved all they got. They were openly taunted with cowardice, and for a time their city was nicknamed throughout South Africa, "Judasberg." Their conspiracy was perhaps the worst managed conspiracy Englishmen had ever taken part in during recent years, and they

had been content to lay down their arms without striking a blow. No doubt they had innumerable very good excuses; no doubt they were jockeyed and fooled by Kruger; but the world would have preferred to hear their excuses after they had fought.

The case of Johannesburg was the more remarkable, because several of the leaders were men of tried and proved courage. But if they had been unwise they assuredly had to suffer for it. The Boers assumed the most intolerable airs. The Englishman was only fit for insults of every kind, and they took care that he got insults in plenty. The British Government was watching, but for some time could do nothing. Kruger had now got to a stage of despising England. "Chamberlain!" he and his supporters would joke together. "Yes, Chamberlain barks very loud, but you never feel his bite. He is always worrying at your heels, but he never puts his teeth in them."

At last things came to a crisis through what at the time seemed a very little thing. An English subject, Edgar, was shot by a Boer policeman under circumstances which excited great indignation amongst British subjects in the Transvaal. They appealed to the Queen directly, and called a meeting, which was broken up in rough fashion by a Boer mob. Sir Alfred Milner, the British High Commissioner for South Africa, interposed, and the end was a conference between him and President Kruger at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, opening on May 31, 1899.

England entered into this conference with a sincere desire to find a peaceful way of ending the South African strife. President Kruger entered it determined to make no real concessions. All on the inside track of Pretorian politics knew this. A little thing that came under my notice at the time may illustrate what Kruger's friends

knew. One South African leader of my acquaintance heard a friend declaring that the era of peace was at last to come through the conference. "I bet you ten thousand it isn't," he said; "but I tell you, you will simply throw your money away, for I am sure to win." I asked him why he was so sure. "There is no question whatever about it," he replied. "Even the British Government might know, if it wanted, that it is simply wasting time in holding the conference. Kruger has absolutely made up his mind to stand firm and yield nothing. He is merely going through the talk as a matter of form. My advices from Pretoria leave the matter beyond doubt."

Events showed that my informant was right. To every proposal of Sir Alfred Milner the same reply was given, "You are attacking my independence." There Kruger stood.

For weeks after the break-up of the conference the diplomatic contest went on, dispatch following dispatch, reply following reply, till all the world was weary. As the days passed it became clearer and clearer that the end could only be war. The Boers delayed things till they had secured their grass crop, and then, on Kruger's seventy-fifth birthday, a declaration of war was launched by them in terms which England had never had addressed to her since the days of Napoleon.

What now? What of to-morrow? To-day the noise of battle fills our ears, but what when the sound of the guns dies away? Is this old man to remain ever England's foe? Is he to go down to his grave fighting for his imagined liberty, or is a day to arise in Africa when even he will find all the justice and liberty he requires in a really free South Africa, under the British flag? We must admit that his bitterness against England has been to a certain extent caused by the mistakes of the English.



It may be too late to reconcile him, but the day must surely come when Dutch and English shall live in peace together in one great dominion, when each shall respect the courage of the other, each agree to forgive the mutual mistakes of past years, and work together, in the real Afrikander spirit, for home and empire.

THE  
Transvaal Boer Speaking for Himself

EXTRACTS FROM THE WORK BY  
C. N. T. DU PLESSIS,  
OF JOHANNESBURG.

Translated by R. ACTON.



## INTRODUCTION.

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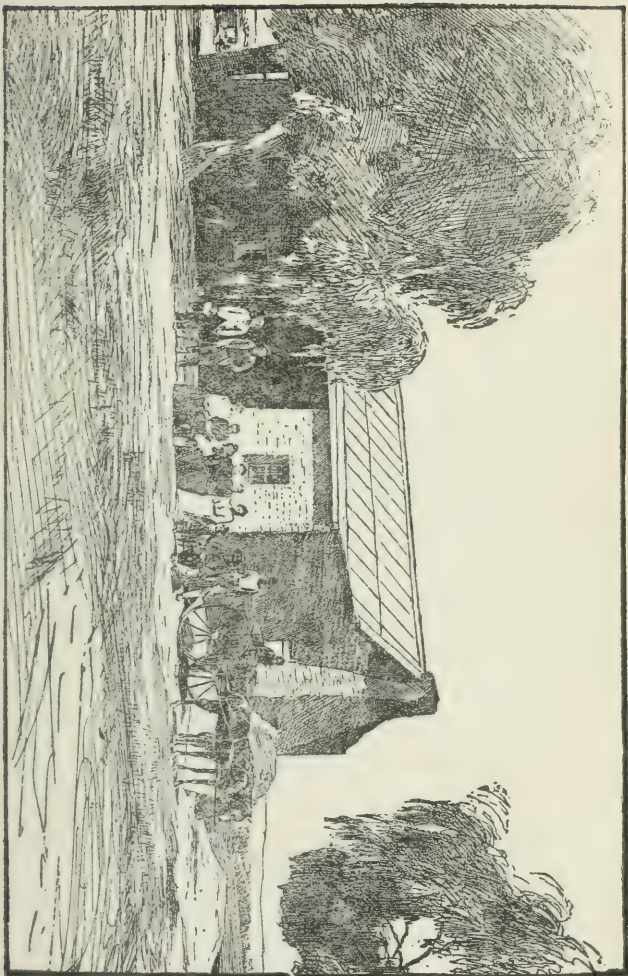
A complete reproduction of the Dutch book written by Mr. Du Plessis would be tedious, owing to its length. I sympathize, however, to a certain extent, with the cause which he advocates, that of the political independence of the two Dutch Africander Republics, upon the grounds that those territories, beyond the Orange and the Vaal rivers, occupied by their fathers sixty years ago, had never been claimed by any title as under the dominion of the British Crown; and that personally the emigrant Boers of 1836 and 1837, middle-aged men, the heads of families, who were born in the Cape Colony before it was transferred, in 1815, from the dominion of the Dutch Netherlands to that of King George III., owed no allegiance to the new sovereign when they chose to seek another abode far beyond the frontier. This claim to entire independence in a new country which lay vacant for any people could not be taken away from them or their sons by any arbitrary acts done afterward in the name of Queen Victoria's Government, without actual conquest; neither by the proclamation of the "Orange River Sovereignty," which after six years was formally annulled in 1854, nor by the annexation of the Transvaal in 1877, a still more unwarrantable proceeding, which was nullified by the conventions of 1881 and 1884. The rights of the Transvaal Boers to the fullest and freest self-government had, indeed, been previously acknowledged and established, and not as a grant of grace, by the Sand River Convention of 1852. I think it is the duty of

any loyal and patriotic Englishman, however insignificant and obscure he may be, to advocate, for the honor of his own nation, the continued observance of such state engagements.

I leave "the Transvaal Boer" to speak for himself and his nation. His sentiments, as those of an Afrikaner who has never seen Europe, are different from mine as an Englishman ; but it is useful now to become acquainted with them.

R. A.

LONDON, October 21, 1899.



A TYPICAL BOER FARM.





# THE TRANSVAAL BOER SPEAKING FOR HIMSELF.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BOER LIFE, OLD AND YOUNG.

Reader, this book of mine contains "Passages of the History of the Afrikaners." In succeeding chapters you will see I have followed the course of events concerning the formation and position of the "South African Republic." But it will be useful, it is needful for knowing the character of this community; first of all to go further back, more than half a century; and I will not here begin with an account of wars, or of state politics, for I wish you, and I wish our own young people, Afrikaners now growing up to be the men and women in charge of this fine country forty or fifty years hence, to read what was the life, the habits and manners of our old forefathers. I know what it was before my lifetime; for when I was a boy, I often listened to the talk of the old men. There sat the grandfathers, with fathers and uncles, each upon his rudely-made Veld-stool, with his own long-stemmed pipe to smoke; and we children sat around, near enough to hear what they said, about what one of them had seen and another of them had done, it might be, as I suppose, now, more or less a hundred years ago.

Well now, young people who hear my talk, let me say a little of the way we Boers lived when I was of the age of

one or another of you. At Ventersvallei, in the district of Colesberg, near the Orange River, I was born, about two years after the exodus of the old Boer Voortrekkers, who, like the Hebrews, when Pharaoh was forced to let them go from bondage, taking their flocks and herds, went up armed out of the king's land to another land, which the Lord had promised Israel, that they might serve the Lord, they and their children. Never forget that, young Afrikaners! how the English dominion was to your fathers as the kingdom of Egypt, from which the Lord helped them to go free! Keep now from English ways; so, in time, under God's blessing, with His promise, shall the numbers of your people, who possess this land, in the north and in the east parts of South Africa, hereafter be increased tenfold; and it shall be for the Afrikaner nation to rule over it, with a confederation of United States of South Africa, strong enough to defend it, not only against the mighty British Empire, but against any European power. For what has the Englishman ever done here for us, that he should reign here over the free Afrikaners? Our fathers have subdued the wilderness, clearing it of ferocious beasts and conquering the savage warrior nations—those who were led by Moselikatze on the Vaal River, in tens of thousands—and by Dingaan in Natal, who slaughtered the women and children in the Boer camps, and who treacherously slew the Boer guests at Dingaan's feast; but that was avenged on a day of battle, the 16th of December, 1838, with the defeat of the Zulus, which we still, under a perpetual solemn vow of thanksgiving to God, here celebrate yearly in the Transvaal! When and where, I ask, did the English ever help our people? What protection have they ever afforded to us? Just after our fathers, in Natal, had defeated the Zulus, and had deposed the cruel tyrant Dingaan, setting up his peaceable brother Panda,

the Governor of the Cape sent orders that they must give up their rifles and ammunition; and because they would not yield, they were driven out of that land. We owe nothing to England! We could have defended ourselves against the Zulus again, in Cetewayo's time, as we did before. We did not invite Shepstone to save us. We are here in our own territory, which never belonged to the British Empire. I say that Rhodes and Jameson and their fellow conspirators in this city of Johannesburg, when they plotted, only the other day, to take from us the rule of this country, must have been under a delusion created by the devil!

But there are serious dangers in these days threatening to lessen the strength of our nation, and to undermine the State. Without saying more of politics to you, boys and girls, I want you seriously to understand that it is through you, the young Afrikanders, or some of you, that those dangers will come, if they are not resisted by each of you, now and in future. The character of the Europeans and Americans who come to this place, of late years, is different from that of the Afrikanders, as a nation. If we become like them, we shall be their servants, instead of standing as a free people. That is our chief danger now. But what is worse, the manners of some of them in this town are vicious, base and unworthy. You know, for your own conscious must tell you, that it is so. I should be sorry for any of you to grow up young men and women like them.

When you hear of the lives and habits of our old folk about fifty years ago, some little things will make you smile: they were so very simple, compared with all the new and better articles we have now. But the old articles were useful to the old generation of people; and the old people, your forefathers, were good men in their time. I am not opposed to any modern improvements that come

of science; knowledge is good for us, as well as for the European nations. The Dutchmen, the Hollanders, who have come to South Africa, many of them clever men, since about 1855, have instructed us, have reformed our schooling, and have corrected our use of the Dutch language, the ancient, noble language of our race, the language of our Bible, which had been corrupted by the children talking with slaves in the colonial households. We have been taught good reading and writing, arithmetic, drawing and music; there have been able Dutch tutors in many rich Boers' families. In general, the Dutchmen who came here among us were poor men, seeking employment; they had no money capital to invest here; but they brought learning and skill, a far greater benefit to this country, if our young people learn from them.

But it is different with the sort or class of other Europeans, the English especially, as we see them here in Johannesburg, and men of various foreign nations, arrived since the goldfields became so attractive. To consort with these, and to adopt their manners and habits and speech, would be the ruin of our nation. I solemnly warn you not to do so. That is why I now speak to you children. There is a false idea, among foolish or mean and unfaithful Afrikanders, that taking such a course is in the line of what they call "Progress." I think it leads to no good. It is the way to forfeit the Lord's blessing and promise. It makes you weak, till you become servants of the Europeans.

Now then, for a sketch of our old Boer ways of life, in the earliest home I can remember; for I was three years old when my father removed from Ventersvallei, where "Oupa," or "Old Pa," my grandfather, lived, to Kareepoort, only three miles; but we children thought the distance quite enough, afterwards, having to walk twice

a day to attend the school at Ventersvallei, which Oupa had caused to be set up. If you would like to know "Pa," that is, my own father, look at his portrait here, which shows him exactly as he sat, in his own arm-chair, with his legs crossed, with his pipe in his mouth, with his left hand holding a small Catechism book; that was on Sunday afternoon; we five children, four sons and one daughter, ranged according to our ages, stood in a half circle before him; the youngest was seven; I, Nicholas, was the third son. My three brothers were much alike in complexion, but my sister, Betta, was like her father; we all had dark-brown, or nearly black, hair. Brother Willem was my chief companion.

The Catechism—for it does seem fit to begin an account of home life with religion—was a book of questions and answers which we knew well by rote. Pa read out the questions, and we repeated the answers. It began, "Who made you?" The answer was, "God"; and so on, through the whole doctrine of the Bible. In the warm summer afternoons, I might feel sleepy; but my father had his hand-whip hanging behind his chair, so I tried not to fall asleep. We were permitted afterwards to go out for a walk, and even, if we saw any snakes, which were very plentiful, to kill them; for the serpent is accursed, but we must not kill any other creature on Sunday. For the restraint of our disposition to commit sins, there were two appointed instrumentalities, in the view of our parents and elders. The one was a smart rod, or scourge, made of pear-tree twigs; the other, which might be forewarned, but not directly administered, by human judges, was "the Great Fire," which, of course, meant Hell. This was spoken of very frequently; and I literally believed in it when I was twenty years old; we all grew up in that belief. Never once, in my youth, did I hear any child of the Boers profanely swearing, or



using foul and indecent words. The only improprieties in which they would indulge, when excited, were a mention of the "devil," or the epithet "devilish;" and "machtig!" supposed to be used for "Almighty!" as an exclamation of surprise calling on God. If any person uttered either of these phrases, and was overheard, some religiously-minded hearer would admonish him not to swear, or "You will burn in the Great Fire!" This warning usually had its due effect.

The grown-up folk, in these days, were afraid of their parson or minister, as children are afraid of their school-master. After dinner, for which the fattest lamb and finest poultry had been killed, and the daintiest pastry baked, he receives the elders and deacons; they have been making their house-to-house visitation. Then he sits, with one local elder, in a room set apart for any parishioner, man or woman, to call upon him; now it runs, "Well, Jan, how is your soul?" What constrained formal interchange of theological currency phrases may pass between them, I will not inquire.

The stated religious assembly for the "Nachtmaal" Sacrament, at Colesberg, brought together many large caravans, or trains of wagons, conveying the Boer families all the way to that town, with ample stores of victuals for their sojourn, demanding much preparation in each household. At stages on the road where they stopped and "uitspanned," they would sit drinking coffee and discuss texts of the Bible, or church affairs; in 1851, the introduction of an organ, constructed by an English maker named Insor, who came first to play upon it, in the Colesberg church, occasioned some temporary dissension. It certainly, at first, perplexed the congregation in singing the psalms, as they were acquainted only with the old, slow measure in which their "voorzanger," Oom Gabriel, used to intone the simple melody. What would

they say to the performances in some of our churches now, as in the Fordsburg church here, with a troop of dressed-up singing girls upon the platform behind the minister, as at a concert hall; or a choir of vocal artists to execute foreign anthems? Their musical squalling is like the opera; then, at the close, bursts out the roaring organ, to chase away every godly thought. English Church customs and notions, imported through the influence of the Stellenbosch College into our community, are felt by many of us to be revolting. To other people, it may be, they seem edifying, but not to us. We don't want English fashions in religion or anything else.

In the old times, as I think, what religion we had was simple and sincere, with little or no superstition, and with no artifice, no vain pretensions to ornament, no men-pleasing inventions.

In repelling the calumnies, spiteful and malignant, not less than ignorant, uttered in England against our nation, and in referring to their social life at a period when I, as much as any man could, must be intimately acquainted with it, I stand upon my own personal knowledge of the facts. Scarcely any community in the whole world could less truly be charged with a prevalence of vices and crimes. In my youth, up to 1854, I know but of three Afrikaners being sent to the prison at Colesburg; the first was acquitted, the other two got a sentence of three years' imprisonment; in 1864, a man, born in Europe, as I remember, was hanged for murdering his wife; in thirty years there were six prisoners, of whom two were found guilty. Immorality among our young men and women then was unknown. They married at the age of twenty, as I did, with the written consent of parents, after being confirmed in the church. I first saw a man drunk when I was fifteen, and I did not understand his condition. Look at the numbers of wretched drunkards,

and of female prostitutes, now in this city. What a contrast! And the hundreds of criminals, of convict prisoners, here in jail, or working in chains on the roads! It was not so when we had this country all to ourselves.

In this manner, and in this mood, in kindly neighborhood, half a century ago, the Afrikanders lived in the land which they and their fathers had won from the wilderness. They desired only to enjoy their freedom, to preserve their old customs, and to be at peace with all other nations, with all Europeans coming to settle on this continent. I know that our people have been much vilified and slandered by some English writers and speakers. We were not, according to modern ideas, an "educated" people. To be sure, we were not; in my boyhood the schoolmasters and the lessons for us children of the Boers were indeed contemptible.

The school-books we used were the Bible, the A B C book, and "Steps for Youth;" but it was after having learned the last two books, to repeat them by heart, that we began to read in the Bible. We learned also to write a little with pen and ink and paper, having no slates, and to know and make the ciphers of arithmetic. More was not required, and I believe that Meester himself knew nothing more.

There was a little girl called Mietje, rather ugly and disagreeable to her school-fellows; twelve years old, and always in fault and disgrace. When she had begun with the Catechism, it happened that a couple of the Boers' wives came to visit the school. Mietje was sent for to be examined, but fearing that she was to be punished with Meester's rod upon the palm of her hand for some horrible wickedness she might have ignorantly committed, hid herself behind a dunghill. When she was brought in, a trembling captive, before the ladies and Meester with his rod, he solemnly put the first religious question:

"Who created the world?" frowning, and speaking in a most awful voice, so that poor little Mietje, howling and weeping, fell upon her knees before him, and cried out:

"It was I that did it, Meester; but I will never—no never—do it again!"

I am happy to state that Mietje has kept her promise; so far as I am aware, she has not yet created another world; but she grew up a fine young woman, sensible, dutiful, and well-behaved; many of the young men aspired to be her suitors; and she is now a good wife and mother, keeping house and home for a very worthy husband.

Oh, yes! illiterate rustic folk, the old Boers of those days, but not stupid, mean, or base, not false of heart, or face, or tongue, and with brains, as well as with eyes and hands, for the working and the fighting they had to do; which was done by them, our fathers—never and nowhere in South Africa by the Englishmen, in clearing the wilderness of countless ferocious enemies, wild beasts, and more savage tribes of nations living by plunder and slaughter, along the frontiers of the Old Colony, before and since the English claimed to reign over these lands, won by the Afrikanders for themselves and their future offspring! I could make the reader laugh again, more than enough to his mind, or to mine, over the ignorance of Boer school teachers, hired by one or perhaps by two neighbor families, to be remunerated at the price, say, of a couple of sheep, a quantity of meal, and a few dollars, for instruction to be finished in two or three months, but the chief requirement being that Meester should use the rod or the strap with constant severity, to make the boys and girls obedient to their elders' commands. We have changed all that, you know, under the modern sys-

tem of public education, which the Hollanders have established among us.

Yet further improvements are needful to take the place of conditions that formerly existed in this country, and which then gave our youth a training now impossible to be practiced. When a boy, living on the wide Veld, having been taught, probably, by one of his father's native servants, a Bushman or a Hottentot, as I was, to ride and to shoot before twelve years of age—when he had the luck to kill his first springbok, to fry its liver for a feast, and, driving away the vultures, laid the carcass upon his horse and brought it home in triumph—and when he was enrolled in the local company of sportsmen, horsemen and riflemen, deemed fit to serve at need in defense of their country—was that no step of his education? The Boer children, from infancy, could endure fatigue, heat, and cold, and rain, storm, wade through swamps and torrents, or climb over the rocks. But now, here in the Transvaal, the state of the whole country has been changed. We are losing the hardy habits of that free rustic life.

There are no more large farms to be got; the land is everywhere occupied, purchased, and settled; the frontiers, north, west, east, have been closed against our emigrant "trekkers;" if a Boer, though he be rich, have several grown-up sons, only for one of them can the farm be a livelihood; what shall the others do? What I say is, let each of them be properly apprenticed to learn some useful handicraft trade, as that of a carpenter or builder, or wheelwright, a smith, or a shoemaker or tailor; and if one is clever in higher studies, let him become a doctor, a lawyer, or a clergyman; but let them endeavor to settle in the rising country villages, not think of going to live in a city. Are they too proud to live in a village? or to practice an honest, common trade? I entreat you, Afri-



kander boys and girls, of all sins which ever beset us, both myself and you and all mankind, to put down most strenuously that of false pride, which covers and fosters so many other vicious practices. It is so especially in city life, all over the world. This city of Johannesburg, with its foreign European habits and examples, is full of moral dangers to the youth of our nation. Here strolling idle and lounging about the streets, affecting to talk English with the strangers, taking bets on the races, tippling brandy and smoking cigarettes for hours at the hotel bars, staying out late at night, consorting with vile women, gambling with cheats and swindlers, the Boer's son may run quickly on his road to ruin. What, then, will become of the Afrikaner nation? If the sons of the old Boers should be corrupted and degenerate, what will our people be, then, twenty or thirty years from now? Weak and worthless, they will have lost their very name, the memories of their ancestry, the use of their mother tongue. They will be contemned and despised, as an inferior, servile race, by the foreigners here, who will have supplanted them in this land that God gave to our forefathers and our fathers. Oh, God! help us, and save us from that!



## CHAPTER II.

### WHO ARE THE AFRIKANDERS?

The Voortrekkers of 1836, our fathers, were legally reckoned British subjects after 1815, although born free Dutch citizens. The first King William of the Netherlands, in Europe, then, without consulting the Dutch colonists in South Africa, ceded by treaty the dominion of the Cape, held by Great Britain for him, as Stadholder, during the war with Napoleon and France, and belonging to the former Republic of the Dutch Netherlands United Provinces in Europe. British temporary custody, without sovereignty, dated from 1806. Our people were free Dutchmen still.

Our ancestors were mostly the emigrant Hollanders of the seventeenth century, whose good old Dutch family names of the men who had arrived during more than twenty years before 1689, are inscribed in the colonial archives. A few names of that date are French, those of Huguenot Protestant refugees, fiercely persecuted in France between 1670 and 1687; and a few Germans from the Palatinate, driven from their home by Louis XIV. These had been kindly received in Holland; they became almost Dutch people. In 1685, the directors of the Dutch East India Company resolved to allow the Huguenots, who were so inclined, to accompany their Dutch emigrants to the Cape Colony; but the first of them were with a party of 180 men and women landing on April 13th, 1688, in Table Bay; among their names is that of Du Plessis, which is my own. There are other families here of that name. Our General Joubert also is a

descendant of a French Huguenot family. I have the list of them all; the great majority of the colonists were Hollanders.

Such are the materials of our Afrikander race; we are descendants of good Hollanders and of the best French; we may, perhaps, still keep in our national character the stoutness and sturdiness of the former, combined with the swift and daring activity of the latter. And, though our courage be rudely and stubbornly displayed, it may have proved not unsuitable to the enterprise of subduing and taming the wilderness of South Africa during two past centuries; and it may yet, by God's help, preserve our national integrity and independence.

The scene and the situation of the earliest colonial settlements of white men in South Africa, with the difficulties, perils and struggles which they had to encounter, made their enterprise very different from that of more recent colonization in some other regions of the globe, such as Australia, where a boundless extent of pasture land could be occupied without risk of the flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, on those vast, open, grassy plains, being either destroyed by carnivorous wild animals, or seized by predatory tribes of wild men. In Eastern South Africa, the most savage, rapacious, restless, and destructive of races vastly outnumbered the adventurous pioneers of civilization. Geographical conditions must be taken into account, and the hostile force of native marauders.

Below and around the Table Mountain, beginning as a band of scanty number, our ancestors gradually multiplied, in two centuries, while they found themselves so placed, at the narrow, pointed extremity of the African continent, that of necessity, to provide farms and homes for their sons and daughters, the Boers must ever in each succeeding generation, move up and on and forward; they advanced, then, to the interior vast upland regions,

step by step, organized bands of steady pastoral immigrants coming on in their season; as inevitably as the swarm of locusts hatched in the ground during summer arises in October with the first rain, and, turning northward, toward the sun, wings its multitudinous flight over the dry inland plains. But those insects move on to devastate—our Voortrekkers went forth to occupy for European settlements of productive industry and of sober, orderly, human family life—to claim and to clear, to use and guard for pasture, ultimately to settle and cultivate the land. Where else could they go, or what else could they do, being at the Cape? They could not go to the west, or to the south, for there lay the ocean; they must go up into the interior of the continent, to the north and east.

It was an undertaking of great difficulty, labor, and danger. They and their forefathers had, for a century and a half already, been struggling frequently to keep their farms, their dwellings, their flocks and herds, from being despoiled by hosts of savage enemies. It was by those Afrikanders, over a hundred years ago, not by the troops of the Cape Town Government, whose Kaffir wars usually proved ineffective until the middle of this century, that the country of the Eastern Province was made safe for colonial settlement. Military blunders and disasters like that which destroyed half a regiment under Colonel Cathcart, in 1835, repeatedly proved that British army officers did not well understand Kaffir warfare. Would a Boer commander have been surprised by the enemy as the British soldiers were at Isandhlwana?

It must, however, be admitted that there is no fair comparison between the old wars of the Dutch colonial period, with native enemies, and those within the past thirty or forty years; because the natives formerly had no firearms, using only their "assegais," or light spears, their

hatchets, clubs, and bows and arrows; on the other hand, the "ou-sannas," the clumsy blunderbuss guns then carried by the Boers, could not be depended upon. The Boers and Dutch colonists have always opposed the sale of fire-arms and ammunition to any of the natives; but in the nineteenth century, under the English Government, a great smuggling trade has been carried on, for the profit of English manufacturers and merchants; and upon some occasions, from 1872 to 1880, as in the case of the Basutos, when they were at war with the Orange River Boers, it has been officially permitted, causing much injury to the Afrikander communities. Thousands of muskets and rifles have thus passed into the hands of the Kaffir, Zulu, Matabele, and other hostile warriors, against whom both English and Dutch colonists are sometimes obliged to contend.

What I maintain is proved by colonial history, that the Boers are the people who have, by their own unassisted valor, fortitude, and skill, actually performed the task of clearing the interior of South Africa from aggressive, formidable, roving, confederate native tribes, whose plundering and slaughtering incursions would else have made the settlement of European colonists forever impossible; and that the English Government, with its red-coat soldiers, could never have done it, and cannot, without the help of us Afrikanders, do it even now. This may easily be proved by the recorded experiences of Kaffir warfare during more than a hundred years. To this day, indeed, no Kaffir, or Zulu, or Matabele is nearly so afraid of an English soldier as he is of a Boer.

I could relate, without the slightest exaggeration or inaccuracy, histories of many prolonged Boer campaigns, including that of General Joubert, so lately as 1894, against the rebel chieftain, Malapoch, capturing his stronghold in the Blue Mountains, west of Zoutpansberg

—where I served with the Pretoria contingent, under Colonel Ferreira—but I will not boast; only I should like this or that Boer action, with an exact description of the place, to be compared with any feat of the British military forces in South Africa, whatever large regular armies were sent against Cetewayo or Secocoeni.

Some Englishmen, who, of course, must be very brave, call us “those cowardly Boers.” They are welcome to think so, and welcome to try it, if they like. Really brave men don’t call each other cowards until they have tried and proved it. We have never called those men so who fell on the heights of Amajuba, or even at Doornkop. If we nickname the English “red-necks,” it is only a little familiar joke. Whatever we are, as God has made us, is owing to our birth and ancestry, and to our circumstances and our training from infancy, of which I can say more. Are the offspring of the Hollanders and the Huguenots of the seventeenth century likely to have been born cowards? Does the history of Europe show you that? And under what circumstances, with what training, were even we—the elder generation of our people, as Boers’ sons—brought up to manhood here in South Africa? Here I will only again say, that if the genuine Afrikander Boer, such a man as any one of our Voortrekkers was, be different from one of a European nation, it is due to poverty in his youth; to an early hardening life of rough discomfort, which was manfully endured by the boy, and which made him the man he is. Consider those past experiences of the youth of many of our men, as though they were now present with us at this day!

Accustomed to a free life, the Trek-Boer is most entirely himself and in his element, when he can freely travel wherever he will over the plains with his ox-wagon, and with his herd of cattle, taking his rifle with him for shooting, and his horse for hunting. Then he



is a happy man, and his wife, too, is a happy woman. For when the wagon halts and outspans, she alights and has a pleasant time.

Yes, it is a pleasant hour for the wife of the traveling Afrikander, when she gathers some bits of sticks for fire-wood and sets her kettle boiling, while her husband goes off to shoot a springbok antelope. It is not less pleasant for her, she feels, to lead her children to the nearest stream of water, that they may wash the clothes. It is still more delightful for the children to run around her in their play, or climb up the neighboring rocks and cliffs, where they can get at the birds'-nests, or to search for wood, and to return, each boy or girl laden on the back with a bundle of fuel. At night, for the bigger boys, it is a pride and pleasure to keep watch over their father's sheep, or, with a rifle loaded ready, to guard the tethered cattle, lest wolves or jackals should come nigh. On the Sunday, how calm and sweet it is in the field-tent put up at the side of the wagon: there sit the father and mother and their children, to worship God with prayer and hymn-song, and with a reading out of the Bible!

Then comes to this wandering family a visitor, another Boer, who is trekking the same way. They show him hospitality; he talks and tells them how, the night before, a lion carried off one of his heifers, and asks will this friend to-morrow go with him to find and kill the lion? Of course the Boer will, but he is glad of his neighbor's company, and says to his own wife:

"Betje, I like this place; don't you? Let us rest here a few days. I'll dig out for you, in the bank of the stream here, a small fireplace and an oven, where you can bake for us a few bags of biscuit. The children run almost barefoot; I'll make for them new shoes of the hide of the buck that I have killed. Yonder, over that plain, I spy a troop of wild ostriches; I'll shoot two of the finest male



birds. Then, with the feathers, you shall make a pair of fans, or whatever you fancy. And there stands a fine young sapling, just fit to be the post for a weaving or braiding frame. I'll cut out a lot of straps from the deer-hide, with which you can braid us new halters and harness-ropes."

Such was the traveling household—I may call it the home—for months of the year, which our fathers happily used to inhabit during their long journeys across the wilderness, in those experiences of the olden time which formed the true Afrikander type of character that is probably not yet wholly extinct or effete; and this is worth, perhaps, the consideration of statesmen, with reference to the policy of suppression or subverting independent states and nations consisting of such men!

## CHAPTER III.

### BOER EXODUS FROM THE CAPE COLONY.

I have often been asked the question, Why do many of the Boers dislike the very name of England, and of the English, so much as they do? If the question lay in the opposite direction, Why do Englishmen hate the Boers in the Transvaal, who never injured them? the only possible answer is a very obvious one; it is because they in the Transvaal have a rich country, according to the estimation of riches at the present day—a country which contains valuable gold fields. It is true that, now, persons of all nationalities, and persons of no nationality, from all parts of the world, can and do help themselves to the precious metal in its mines; cosmopolitan roving prospectors, Jewish money-mongers, some mere adventurers, after six or seven years, dazzle London as new millionaires; but efforts are made by a powerful combination of finance speculators, desirous of enhanced profits, to get control over the law-making and ruling establishments of the country, for the sole temporary advantage of the gold-mining interest. Mining leases, regulations for the employment of Kaffir labor, import customs' duties, and railway freights, must be all for the Outlanders to determine. It is sought to effect this object by stirring up British national jealousy and pride. For the Englishman is proud of his Empire's riches, and of its numerous widely scattered pieces of territorial sovereignty over the remotest seas and lands of the globe. In that sense he is covetous, grudging every other nation or people whatever claim of dominion they may have over

a gold-field region or a port or possible market for trade; and he is not very scrupulous of the rights of others, preferring indeed to show a studied ignorance of their historical and geographical grounds; whereby the Colonial Office, especially, thinks to save itself trouble, while London newspaper editors, with a conscience yet more safe in still greater ignorance, admit the grossest misrepresentations supplied by agents of interested parties. Hence, during four or five years past, the renewed attempts to overthrow the South African Republic; for which purpose also the allies of a baffled conspiracy at Johannesburg could invoke the vulgar "Jingo" spirit of military vanity, to demand vengeance for the defeat of Majuba Hill.

This is not a very amiable attitude just now on the part of England; but since the Boers' dislike of English government must be confessed to have arisen nearly eighty years ago, and to have influenced three successive generations of Dutch Afrikaner folk, its causes must be indicated here, in events of colonial history, from 1816 to 1896, and not least abundantly in the middle of the century, enough to repel the most friendly disposition. Be it then permitted to recount the main facts of experience of British misrule, oppression, and inveterate persecution of the Boers during this long period; and be it observed that the memory, traditional in each private family and in our social intercourse, from the fathers to the sons, of such cruel wrongs inflicted upon a people by a foreign despotism, is far stronger in the minds of a simple pastoral and agricultural community, living a sequestered, rustic life in the interior of South Africa, knowing and caring little of the affairs of Europe or America, than is the remembrance or record of past errors and misdeeds committed by governments among the restless city populations, with rapidly changing political

institutions and ideas, of great, highly civilized, modern nations. The Boer is charged not only with bigotry and obstinacy, but with an unforgiving recollection of past injuries. That is no part of his natural inheritance of Dutch character; and I believe that in Europe, and in other parts of the world, as it was at New York in the seventeenth century, English and Dutch people have agreed with each other very well. The wrongs still resented by the Boers in South Africa would long since have been forgotten, if the course of unjust treatment had not been so often renewed, and with such insolent contempt of our earnest protests; official authority being far more solicitous to favor and pamper and flatter the black chiefs of savage native tribes, enjoying missionary advocacy, than to deal fairly with the oldest settlers of the white race in the country, with Christian men as worthy of respect as those of any civilized nation.

Slavery, which was abolished at the Cape when it ceased in the British West Indies, was certainly never here attended with any such cruel sufferings as those which prevailed on the sugar plantations beyond the Atlantic. Dutch slave-owners at the Cape were less unwilling than English West Indian planters and merchants to give it up, on equal terms of compensation, with effectual protection from the pest of vagrancy and continual robbery, in which matters they were enormously wronged by the British rulers. Under the bad old system of slavery, before 1834, alike with English and Dutch and other white men, who sometimes abused their power as owners and masters, there were cases of excessive punishment in the way of flogging. Out of a particular charge of this kind, in the neighborhood of Graaf Reinet, in 1815, at the very commencement of the British sovereignty, arose, through incidents unhappily following—the accused Boer, Frederik Bezuidenhout, being shot dead by a de-

tachment of soldiers, upon his refusal to surrender as their prisoner—an attempted local insurrection led by the brother and other kinsmen of him who had been slain. They were speedily overcome by military force, and sixty were captured, tried as rebels, six of them condemned to death, others to ten years' penal servitude on Robben Island.

Petitions, formally presented to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, with signatures representing all respectable classes and social interests, and private supplications for mercy, on the part of numerous friends, neighbors, or family connections, had no effect. On March 6, 1816, at a place, near the above-named town, which is called Slagter's Nek, the six Dutch farmers, under the capital sentence, were brought out to be hanged, with a strong guard of troops, in the presence of assembled hundreds of people, and of weeping women and children. The misguided, unfortunate prisoners were all men of good previous character and position. Five of them at once were to be hanged on one gallows, while the sixth, with the rope around his neck, was to stand and see them die, and then to undergo the same fate. One of them begged permission to hear, and to join with his own voice, his friends in the crowd of bystanders, who would sing a chosen verse of the Psalms. In answer to this request, the signal to the hangman was instantly made; the five men were turned off—but the gallows broke down under their united weight! The grieving spectators then imagined it was either caused by a special act of Divine Providence, that the machinery of death should fail, or it might at least be regarded as a token that pardon, or, at least, the sparing of life, should be granted by the ministers of human law. Almost all the people, falling on their knees, with prayer and thanksgiving, with sobs and tears, awaited the sheriff's decision. In vain—the wives

and children of those prisoners, rushing forward to lift them, lying bound hand and foot, and blindfolded, from the ground where they had fallen, were rudely driven back; the gibbet was quickly repaired. They were then hanged one after another. That was the memorable affair of Slagter's Nek, a lamentable beginning of government under the reign of King George III.

The terrible impression, widely spread over the colony, and deeply felt, which was caused by such an act of extreme severity, became in after years, through continued unrelenting harshness, and from the habits and manners of the British official aristocracy, showing undisguised aversion to the Dutch new subjects, an ineffaceable sentiment of hostility. Few on either side could understand the language spoken on the other side; and the interests and wishes of farmers dwelling apart were totally ignored; for their rural, homely mode of living, as described in our first chapter, attracted no visitors from Cape Town; the English sportsman's taste for hunting and shooting wild beasts had not yet been acquired.

The Boer families, deliberating very cautiously and slowly, as Dutchmen have ever done, looked forward to an opportunity of quitting their estates, whenever it should be practicable to sell them without ruinous loss, and moving off into the vacant interior regions, then only known to them from occasional reports made by elephant-hunters, though several English missionaries, not much esteemed or consulted by the Boers, had already gone up that way, to attempt the conversion of some native tribes. Still, by sturdily keeping themselves to themselves, by eschewing the purchase of English manufactured wares, and disposing of their own produce, cattle, sheep, and hides, in yearly bargains with the itinerant wagon-driving trader, rather than by going to any market town, the Boers could live, and might have thriven,



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but for incessant new official decrees and vexatious regulations, often summoning them to district centres of government, with long and expensive journeys, to the neglect of their home and farm concerns.

Full twenty years were passed in private discussions, calculations, and preparations for the intended migratory movement. It was finally brought to a head, and rendered capable of effective organized action, by a financial crisis immediately affecting their own property; that was caused in 1835, by the sudden loss of more than one-third of the value of Government bonds, to the nominal amount of two millions sterling, payable only in London, being the proportional amount of compensation voted by Parliament for the emancipation of slaves. Most of those bonds had, by some lack of care, it seems, on the part of Treasury official agents, and by the absence of trustworthy agency for the Boers, got into the hands of sharp speculative forestalling purchasers, who collected the money, and afterward contrived to impose upon the Boers an immense rate of discount. To the Boer, however, whose ownership of slaves might not be more than a dozen, twenty, or thirty, working on his large farm, unlike the West India proprietor of hundreds on the sugar plantation, this loss was not that of the main amount of his whole property. If he could dispose of his land and homestead, there was nothing to prevent his taking away the cattle, sheep, and horses, the household furniture and stock of portable goods in his capacious ox-wagons, with his wife and family, his servants, hired or apprenticed, and carrying all this wealth some hundreds of miles away.

Local neighborly organization, in committees of the elders and heads of friendly families, to form large traveling parties with mutual aid and comfort, had for months, in several districts of the Old Colony, been industriously preparing for such expeditions. They were not deterred

by a rumor that certain official persons at Cape Town had propounded a novel legal theory, to the effect that none of the King's subjects could leave his dominions, to reside beyond them, without His Majesty's permission, and that any who attempted to do so would be imprisoned and punished. Neither Sir Benjamin d'Urban, then Governor, nor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Andries Stockenström, knew of any such law existing, nor would they have recommended the enactment of any such law. The legal advisers of Government held the same opinion. Something was done, however, by some official authority, to check the intended emigration. A regulation was passed, forbidding any person in the colony to have in possession above five pounds weight of gunpowder, or ten pounds of lead for bullets, and requiring official permits for the purchase of any quantity. This was a sly, mean, and cruel device, for it was well-known that, beyond the Orange River, the Boers would be exposed to all kinds of dangers from different savage tribes, from lions, panthers, wolves, and other wild animals, if they had no ammunition to defend themselves with. But they found a way to evade the regulation, by the aid of their friends who were to stay behind, each of whom bought what he could and privately handed it over to the Trek-Boers, or Voortrekkers, as the first emigrant parties were called.

It was in September, 1836, that the first party of Boers started from Albany, led by Louis Treichard, followed and joined by another, under Johannes Rensburg; they went north, all the way to the Zoutpansberg, and thence to the east coast at Delagoa Bay; nearly three-fourths of their number, which had been ninety-eight, perished before July, 1839, either being slain by savages, or dying of fever; a few survived, in Natal, to be fetched home in a miserable condition. The next party, under Command-

ant Andries Hendrik Potgieter, was more successful. Its course was directed north of the Orange River, past Thaba Ntshu, to the banks of the Vet, where a remnant of the Bataung tribe was found, with its chief, Makwana, claiming the whole country between the Vet and the Vaal, as having been theirs before its recent invasion by the Matabele. Makwana, however, was very ready, as the price of the Boers' help to repel those ferocious enemies, to cede to the white men all that country from which his own people had been expelled, since the numbers of his tribe were then so much reduced by the late slaughter, that they did not want all their former territory.

This arrangement was, in general, an example of the principle, not an unjust or unfair one, upon which the Boers consistently proceeded in all their conquests beyond the Orange and the Vaal; for the Matabele, a branch of the same horde of merely destructive organized warriors as the Zulus in the eastern coast region, had absolutely no right, and never held any settled beneficial occupation, south of the Limpopo, where they had simply desolated the whole extent of large countries, slaughtering the former population, and making the whole of that vast interior empty, void, and waste. The Boers came to redress that enormous injury, to drive back the fierce man-slaying, devastating troops of Matabele, and to protect, to preserve, the fugitive remainder of comparatively peaceable tribes, with whom they made equitable bargains for such portions of land as they required for their own use. Their advent, in a region that lay then mainly vacant, its original inhabitants having been utterly swept away, and where no rights of sovereignty or lawful dominion existed, was a mission not only innocent, but even beneficent—a missionary enterprise in its way, carried into execution, however, by other weapons than those of the Christian professional preachers, by means of their guns, in-

stead of catechisms, by their skill as riflemen and horsemen, and by the white man's superior military power.

It was to be expected, certainly, that the armed Boers would have to fight a terrible foe; the South African Attila, the wholesale homicide of that region, at that period, Moselikatse, the Matabele tyrant, with his drilled regiments of spearmen, tens of thousands, similar to the Zulus of Chaka, Dingaan, and, in our time, Cetewayo.

Well, the first encounter took place, in 1836, a short distance on the north side of the Vaal, at a place where an encampment of one of the Boers' traveling parties was surprised by two powerful "impis" or regiments of the Matabele, and several families of emigrants were horribly massacred. The Boers then retired back across the Vaal, to a place since called Vechtkop, and formed a laager of fifty wagons, drawn up in a circle, firmly lashed together, the openings closed with thorn-trees. One morning in October, 1836, a division of the Matabele army, five thousand trained and drilled soldier spearmen, attacked the Boers in this laager, endeavoring to force an entrance. Inside, there were only forty men, all told; but luckily, they had spare guns, and the women knew how to load them. The assailants were kept off by a deadly fire, and fell back; but only to rush on again. The wagons were lashed together too firmly to be moved. Then, finding it impossible to get to close quarters, the foremost of the Matabele ceased their usual method of fighting, and hurled their heavy assegais into the laager. Of these weapons, 1,113 were afterward picked up. By that means, two of the defenders were killed and twelve others wounded. Still, the Boers kept up such a hot fire that, in half an hour, the Matabele turned to retreat. Having collected all the horned cattle belonging to the emigrants, 4,600 head, more than 50,000 sheep and goats, and a hundred horses, they drove these off. Only the horses which

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the Boers rode were left within the laager. Potgieter, with his little band, followed the enemy until sunset, and shot many, but could not recover any of the cattle.

The families of the farmers were left in great distress for want of food. Relief was sent to them by the Wesleyan missionary at Thaba Ntshu, or, through his influence, by the Chief Moroko; they were all brought back safely to that place. About this time had just arrived at Thaba Ntshu, some of the third party of emigrants from Graaf Reinet, under the leadership of Gerrit Maritz. On December 2, 1836, a general assembly of the emigrants resolved on electing a Volksraad, of seven members, Gerrit Maritz, Andries Hendrik, Potgieter, J. G. Bronkhorst, Christian Liebenberg, P. Greyling, Daniel Kruger, and J. Van Vuuren, to form their Government, with supreme legislative and judicial powers.

In January, 1837, Commanders Potgieter and Maritz, with a force composed of 107 mounted farmers, forty Griquas, and five or six Korannas, on horseback, and sixty natives on foot, guided by a Barolong chief, Matlabe, who had been in the Matabele army, set forth to clear the Vaal, marching through a country so desolate that there was not one human being to see them and to inform the enemy of their approach. The Matabele military camp at Mosoga was surprised on January 17, in the absence of the commanding Induna, who was at Kapayin, fifty miles away. Ten thousand dark-skinned soldiers, roused by the alarm in the separate kraals where they lay, grasping their spears and shields, rushed out to combat; volleys of leaden slugs poured upon them from the Boers' long elephant guns, soon compelled them to fly, leaving about 400 killed. After setting fire to the huts of fifteen kraals, the Matabele soldiers' barracks, Potgieter's commando, of which no person, European or native, had even been wounded, returned southward, taking booty of six or seven



thousand cattle, as well as the wagons that had belonged to the murdered Boer parties, and releasing three American missionaries, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, and Messrs. Lindley and Venables, whom he found living among the Matabele. He re-crossed the Vaal, and founded a new settlement in the Orange territory, on the Vet River, giving it the name of Winburg, to commemorate this victory won in the Transvaal.

The finishing expedition across the Vaal took place in the same year, with two divisions, respectively led by Potgieter and Piet Uys, mustering together 135 Boers or emigrant farmers, accompanied by a few native herdsman. In November, 1837, they found Moselikatse on the Marikwa, about fifty miles north of Mosega, with the remainder of the Matabele army. They immediately attacked him, and in a campaign of nine days inflicted upon him such punishment and loss of military force, that he fled away beyond the Limpopo, to the far north, and never again returned into the country which he had laid waste. The fighting, or rather chasing of the Matabele from the Transvaal, extended over a wide space, traversed so hastily by many different bands of the far-spread pursuing force, that no detailed account of it could ever be procured. There were various estimates of the numbers of the Matabele warriors killed. South Africa had a good riddance of them. It is believed that not one of the Boers lost his life in the campaign.

After the final defeat of Moselikatse in November, 1837, Commandant Potgieter proclaimed the whole of the territory south of the Limpopo, which the Matabele chief had overrun, devastated, and abandoned, to be forfeited to the emigrants. This included the greater part of the present Transvaal or South African Republic, with fully half of the present Orange Free State and Southern Bechuanaland, to the Kalahari Desert westward, except the



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district occupied by the Batlapin—an immense region, then almost uninhabited, which must have remained desolate if the Matabele had not been driven out by the Boers.

By right of conquest, and of the earliest resident occupation and settlement, and in the absence of a sufficient occupying native population, those territories, which neither the British nor any other European sovereignty had ever dreamt of annexing, became the lawful possession of the Boer communities. The political independence of the Boer communities, fifteen and seventeen years later, obtained distinct official recognition.

On January 16, 1852, at the Conference on Sand River, between the British Assistant-Commissioners for South Africa, Major Hogg and Mr. C. M. Owen, on the one side, and a deputation of the Boers, on the other side, headed by their Commandant-General, A. W. J. Pretorius, the convention was made whereby Her Majesty Queen Victoria “guaranteed, in the fullest manner, to the emigrant farmers north of the Vaal River, the right to manage their own affairs, and to govern themselves according to their own laws, without any interference on the part of the British Government.”

And on February 23, 1854, a convention was signed at Bloemfontein, by which the independent self-government of the Orange Free State was equally recognized and guaranteed by Her Majesty the Queen; the title of “The Orange River Sovereignty,” proclaimed in 1848 by Sir Harry Smith, was formally renounced and abolished; and the British flag was removed. Already, in years before, the Secretary of State, Earl Grey, had formally instructed the Cape Government not to interfere with the affairs either of white men or of native tribes beyond the Orange River.

Two separate Boer republics, legally constituted, have since then been recognized as existing in Eastern South

Africa. It is true that in the more extensive, and for some years scantily settled, Transvaal region, some time passed before several district communities, which had formed small local republics, were finally united under the Government at Pretoria; but there was no pretension of British supremacy, during nearly a quarter of a century, over either of those two Free States.

In 1877, when Lord Carnarvon, the Colonial Minister in England, had a fancy to create, in imitation of the Dominion of Canada, an Imperial British Confederation of South Africa under the Queen's reign, it appeared needful to that project that the free republics should become British provinces. A commission was secretly given, in October, 1876, to one Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a Natal Government agent living with the Zulus, a skillful interpreter of Kaffir and other native languages, who was supposed to be alone able to manage the formidable King Cetewayo. Shepstone's character, singularly unlike that of Englishmen in general, though of a type frequently met with in Asiatic and in African politics, is described by Sir Bartle Frere, in a letter to be read on page 304, vol. II., of the biography of that eminent statesman, published in 1895. How Shepstone contrived, in April, 1877, by taking advantage of temporary financial difficulties of President Burgers' administration at Pretoria, and of a want of ammunition to finish the war with Secocoeni—a want that could easily have been supplied by loan from a friendly British neighbor Government—and by a vague threat of his letting loose the Zulu army to devastate the Transvaal—a pretext for declaring the overthrow of the existing republic, despite the protests of its President and its Volksraad, everybody has long known.

During nearly four years, the Boers, under the arbitrary rule of Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, and denied every

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vestige of the political liberties solemnly promised, constantly and openly renewed, at stated times yearly, their demand that the Republican Government, of which President Kruger was elected head, should be restored to them. Memorials, petitions, addresses of complaint and remonstrance, signed by nearly all the adult male Afrikaners in that country who could write—immense camp meetings, at one of which, in 1879, the High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, was present—two special deputations to England, the first in 1877, consisting of Mr. Kruger and Dr. Jorissen; the second, in 1878, of Mr. Kruger and General Joubert—were treated with official scorn.

Meantime, the refusal of many Boers to pay direct taxes to the British Government caused increasing difficulty of the administration under Sir Owen Lanyon, and, finally, in November, 1880, there broke out an armed revolt; a brief war, chiefly at Laing's Nek on the road over the frontier from Natal into the Transvaal, with mortifying British military failures; peace negotiations in March, 1881; a formal recognition of the independence of the Republic ensued in August of that year, again confirmed by the existing convention of 1884, now perfectly valid.

The Minister who settled that convention in 1884 was the late Earl of Derby, then Secretary of State for the Colonies in a Government of which Mr. Chamberlain was a member. Lord Derby purposely and deliberately omitted, in that convention, the unmeaning term, "suzerainty," which occurred in the preceding convention of 1881. His Lordship, in an official communication to Mr. Leyds, diplomatic agent of the Transvaal Government, wrote as follows:

*"By the omission of those articles of the convention of Pretoria which assigned to Her Majesty and to the*

British Resident certain specific powers and functions connected with the internal government and the foreign relations of the Transvaal State, your Government will be left free to govern the country without interference, and to conduct its diplomatic intercourse and shape its foreign policy, subject only to the requirement embodied in the fourth article of the new draft, that any treaty with a foreign state shall not have effect without the approval of the Queen."

Except with regard to this particular stipulation, which President Kruger's Government has never sought to infringe, the South African Republic is lawfully and rightfully as free, among the independent nations and sovereign states of the world, as the Federal Republic of Switzerland in Europe. Apart from the specific engagement here cited, British "paramount supremacy" over either of the two Dutch Afrikander republics has no other meaning than the possession of superior military power.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTION OF THE BOERS.

Hatred between nations—or between two parties of one nation—would not exist without an originating cause. Mankind are like unto each other, so far as that they live together on the same earth, and enjoy together all natural rights. Why, then, must it be that malice or discord should arise in the hearts of the Boer and the Englishman, the one against the other, where the width of a continent affords room for several communities of people to live and to thrive, side by side? There are but two large rivers, the Orange and the Vaal, whose course, as well as the mountain ranges and the high level of the Veld, might seem to indicate lines of separation; but such natural features of the land could not be the cause of nations being hostile to each other. It may be that the repugnance, if it does exist, is one rather of class than of race; but if it came from differences in our habits of life, it would have been confined to those persons on each side who are in close contact with, and constantly meeting, the people on the other side; whereas it appears that the English who most loudly denounce us are those least acquainted with us; indeed, the Boer with due self-respect does not much court their acquaintance. At any rate, his way of living at home with his own family would seem to be his own private affair, and he is not obliged to consult foreigners with a view to social and domestic improvements, nor is it at Johannesburg that he would seek the most approved instruction and pattern.

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In exposing but a small portion of the actual wrongful English doings for so long a period of time, which go to account for whatever animosity may exist in Afrikaner minds toward English, the positive cause has been found to have been the conduct of English Government officials, whether Colonial or Imperial, upon occasions, and in public transactions, whereby great injury was done to the independent Afrikaner communities. Only part, and not the worst part, of those unjust proceedings is mentioned in this book, dealing with the facts which relate to our acquisition of the Transvaal, and our right to hold it as freemen. The history of British usurpation of what the Boers had fairly gained in the Natal territory, and in the Orange River territory, by their arrangements, in exchange for substantial services performed by them, with the existing native rulers, and with due regard to the interest of the weaker or broken tribes, is a study not very creditable to English statesmen.

You will find that the party of Boers led by Piet Retief, when they had acquired, by their contract with Dingaan, territory on the Natal side of the Drakensburg, industriously set to work upon it, cleared and tilled their lands, made that country habitable for white men, and built their town of Pietermaritzburg, named after their two leading men. They elected a Volksraad, which began to pass laws for their government. Great Britain at that time, in 1828, had no more sovereignty than Portugal even on the sea-coast of Natal. But the English Government at the Cape determined to take away from the Boers that country which they had fairly earned and had prepared for the settlement of Afrikaner farmers. A vessel of war and detachments of soldiers were sent to seize upon Natal; the first pretext for quarrel with the Boers there, was their refusal to obey an order that they should give up their arms and ammunition, with which they



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had just defeated the Zulus. They were forced to yield, after some fighting, and in 1842 Natal was annexed to the British dominions. Most of the Boers, quitting their lands in Natal, passed northward into the Transvaal, and settled along the Mooi River, where, in 1849, the town of Potchefstroom was founded, again combining syllables of the names of their best men.

You will also find that, in 1848, after another part of the Boer emigrants, between the Orange and the Vaal, had purchased of the Korannas and other native tribes, by honest barter bargains, what lands they wanted on the Vet, Modder, and Riet, and as far to the southwest as near Fauresmith, for their own settlements, the Cape Town Governor, Sir Harry Smith, issued a proclamation declaring all the country north of the Orange to the Vaal, and to the Drakensburg, to be Her Majesty's dominion of, what he styled, "The Orange River Sovereignty." Taking possession of the towns of Bloemfontein and Winburg, a British resident, Major Warden, began to domineer over the Boers; these asked help of Andries Pretorius, Commandant-General in the Transvaal. He came with an armed force to Winburg, and drove the English officers away. Then Sir Harry Smith, collecting a mixed army of regular redcoat soldiers, the Cape Mounted Rifles, drilled Hottentots, Griquas, Fingoes, and mongrel natives, encountered Pretorius and the Boers in the battle of Boomplaats. It was a stiff and obstinate fight, in which the Boers were defeated, partly on account of their ammunition failing. The British sovereignty beyond the Orange River, after six years, was voluntarily withdrawn. But, in 1870, ten years later, the diamond-fields district was stolen from the Orange Free State. The British Government would not give it back. Compensation in money, the sum of £90,000, was eventually paid.

I am well aware that there are many, very many, English as good, as honest, as true-hearted as men of any nation. I know, by experience, that if you have done a good turn for an Englishman he will never forget it; he will be always seeking and trying to requite your benefit. When once you have made an Englishman your friend, rely upon him as a faithful comrade! Even in London, I am well aware, there are English gentlemen who detest and speak against the conduct of the prevailing English interest here, with regard to the rights of the Afrianders. That was shown in the House of Commons, in the debate upon the question whether Rhodes ought to be punished; more than seventy—I think seventy-seven—out of four hundred members, voted for the censure of him. Honor to the men of that minority! What a pity it is, now, that the majority of Englishmen are not of such a disposition, and in politics the men who think and know better will vote with the majority against their own principles, and in despite of truth!

Here, my readers, in this Golden City of Johannesburg, lives a good old gentleman, an Englishman, who is my own particular old friend. The other day, when I had reckoned up and written down, and shown to him a list of fifteen notorious bad instances, recorded in our Afriander history, of the shameful behavior of the English "red-necks" to us and our fathers, the reading of it over, as you may well suppose, put him a little out of temper. Then he said, in our Boer language, which he can talk well enough: "Ah, yes! but only just now, for once, let me tell you what have been the faults of your people."

"Good!" said I; "come on with it then, but mind that you speak the truth!"

He promised that he would. But first he would make me promise not to tell anybody his name if I was going to repeat anything of what he was going to say.

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Well, I gave him that promise. Then he began, as if he had been in England, with his, "Look here!"

"No, no!" I cried out; "not a word of English! That won't do for me. You know I don't like it."

"Well, kijk hier!" says he, which I know is all the same; and then he goes on, talking as we Boers do, not precisely as the Hollanders who come here do.

"Sixty years ago," my Englishman says, "jullie oude Voortrekkers, your old emigrating Boer leaders, moved off out of our colony. And what was it you went about for to do? And how did you go about for to do it? I ask you as a man, now, in what sort of a way? Why, sir, you ran like a pack of rogues. Never once even thanked Her Majesty's—or, no, it was His Majesty's then—Government, you didn't, for all the gracious benefits, and all that sort of thing, you had enjoyed under their glorious reign. Do you call yourselves a civilized people? They made off, those old Boers, with their wagons and their spans of oxen, and they had got their 'ou-sannas,' their old flint-lock, long guns, and smuggled powder and lead, with which they went up, over the Orange River, and swept the whole of that land clean. A very fine country, and they got it all for nothing! And that happened just at the very time when our Kingdom of Great Britain was just almost getting ready for us to go up and take possession of that very identical land—just when we were all busy with teaching our young Englishmen to learn how to ride a horse that wasn't broken in, if they ever do, and how to shoot with a rifle at something alive and running half a mile away. And it was just then your Voortrekkers chose to go across the Orange and the Vaal Rivers and over the mountains, and take away all that chance from most of us Englishmen!

"Why did you not consider, you Boers, that English

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young gentlemen, of good families at home in England, are perhaps nearly twenty years of age before they are taught to ride and to shoot in the way your sons do? They have so many other things to learn, cricket and football and Latin at school, and lawn-tennis at home, and at the university, rowing and Greek. Your little boys run barefoot; they can sit a horse when they are five years old; a boy in his tenth year can shoot as straight as a grown-up man. It is not fair play between us and you. When I remember how the Boers went all over South Africa, and killed nearly all the large animals, so many years ago, leaving almost nothing of such game for English sportsmen now, I feel it is an injury enough to make the best-tempered man angry, if any nation in the world ever suffered wrongs from any other nation.

"And then, besides that, over and above, how you have outwitted us in our South African politics for many a long year past! There was your old General Pretorius, in 1852, at Sand River, got two of our clever men, Major Hogg and Owen, to sign a convention, to set up a Free Transvaal Republic, at which the English nation is still angry to this day.

"So, in one way and another, you Afrikanders have been getting the better of us, and getting hold of all the best chances before us, catching up the most desirable territories, by Jove, under our very noses. And you had the impudence to stand up at Boomplaats, and shoot at our noble, brave, fine British soldiers, and to kill some of them. Your Voortrekkers, a gang of runaway Boers out of our colony, were the men who did that. Isn't it enough to make an Englishman's blood boil in every vein of his body?

"And now, further, in these days, what do we see of your people setting themselves up to practice all sorts of business that in former days no Afrikander would ever

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have pretended any right to do? It makes us indignant, sir, when some Afrikanders, who have never had a learned education, call themselves even doctors, and seem to be just as clever as our doctors who have studied in Europe. And their sons and daughters, too, are now taking up various trades and arts and skilled industries, to practice in the towns here, working just as well as our people. Only look at your young women, they were never taught proper dressmaking and millinery. Our English young ladies have to be apprenticed five years before they can make a dress. But Afrikander girls do it, and others are confectioners, or keep bakers' shops, while their brothers are in business as milkmen or butter merchants; or, in the country, they get a piece of land and cultivate tobacco. The Boers of the old times used to know their proper position, and never meddled with those trades or industries. Now the Boers in the country are so stuck up that if any laboring men of our people go out to seek work on their farms, and find employment, they must eat in the kombuis, the kitchen, and must sleep in the wagon shed. And the Boers nickname them 'Red-necks,' or 'Reddies,' or 'Old Jacks,' or 'Bundle-men,' and the like genteel, respectful names; even your children call them so. Must not we English hate you for that?

"And it provokes us still more that you Boers are a people who never had any proper teaching in your youth, but, in some respects, you are cleverer than we are. Look now at old Uncle Paul Kruger, and be blowed to him!—a man who can but just read and write! He has to deal with our cleverest men—Chamberlain, Sprigg and Rhodes—and the fact is, he can twirl them round his thumb. And the Hollanders and others say that old Kruger is the ablest of living statesmen! How do you come to stand so high in the world? What right have



you to set up a mint to coin money in the Transvaal of your own gold, and to stamp it with old Kruger's head upon the sovereigns? Isn't that contrary to the law? And your gold coinage is of higher value in exchange than the English pounds sterling, though it is really of the same metal and weight. Isn't that an affront that ought to be punished?

"And what did you do at Majuba Hill? Look there! Sir George Colley was on the road from Natal; what right had Joubert to stand in his way, and to stop our brave soldiers on their march, and to slaughter them? The public high-road is free for everybody to pass, and there our men were shot down by hundreds, by fellows like you Boers! Why, now I think of it, Du Plessis, I believe you were one of them—you were there yourself!"

"Oh, yes, certainly; I was there!"

"Aye, so I thought; and you took part in it when Joubert so unmercifully drove our Highlanders off the top of the Spitzkop. After that, our leading and ruling men thought of another plan for dealing with the Transvaal. Sir Evelyn Wood, or some one, got the idea that if they gave the country, for a time, back to those stupid Boers, and let them try again to govern it by themselves, if they made old Paul Kruger President, he would soon get all its affairs into such a mess and muddle that the Boers would be only too glad to ask the British Government to take charge of the Transvaal again. But how we have been deceived and disappointed! Now seventeen years have gone by, and there sits President Kruger still, with his Government, as firm as a rock, in this year 1898. At last, over two years ago, the English and other Outlanders here, along with Cecil Rhodes and some great men in London, laid a plan to amend this state of things. What was the end of it? Your murdering Boers go out and fall upon Jameson, at Doornkop, when he and his



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men were fatigued by their journey, fight them and take them all prisoners, and put them in jail! The Boers took away from them all their property—guns, wagons, donkeys, ammunition, everything they carried. Then, to spite us more, and to disgrace us, old Kruger lays hold of our foremost men in this town of Johannesburg, the richest and the most respected, claps them in prison at Pretoria, puts them on trial as criminals, and several of them are sentenced to death. When we think of all that, which was unlawfully done, is it any wonder that the hearts of Englishmen crave ample vengeance? We feel sometimes as if we would shatter your Boer Government with a blast of dynamite! Our indignation is just.

“Meanwhile, don’t you see how it still goes on here? The Dutchmen come here from Holland, and the Germans come here, and other nations, people who are content to live here under your four-color republican flag; but we Englishmen, sir, are not content; for we say that you Boers, all of you, ought to this day to be under Her Majesty’s flag, because, without ever thanking the British Government, and without a passport to quit its dominion, you were never free to go, but you chose to run away. And so, and now, I ask you as a man—now, between our two selves, I ask you, old fellow—is it not right for us to hate your nation?”

Well, reader, you see that I let my old friend the Englishman say in full all that he had to say about it. I listened patiently all the while he said it. After that, I had to give him my answer.

“I have heard what you have to say, my friend, and I must admit that the facts are mainly true, but I never before considered that they were fair grounds for the hatred which Englishmen feel toward us. One remark you have made, perhaps from your bad memory of things which are disagreeable to you, is what might be set down

a great falsehood; if any other man was to say it, I should call it a lie to assert that our Voortrekkers, and the Boers to this day, have never thanked the British Government for its treatment of us. I say that we Boers have six times come out and thanked the British Government! You will understand how and when, for I'll tell you where they did it. The first time was in 1848, at Boomplaats; the second time, almost thirty-three years later, was at Bronkhorstspruit; the third time, you know, was at Laing's Nek; the fourth at Schuinshoogte; you have recollected the fifth, at Majuba Hill; and the sixth, at Doornkop, not very long ago! As for the wrongs and offenses you say were done to England, by us, or by our fathers, did you never hear the fable of the wolf and the lamb?

"The lamb, you see, was quietly drinking at the stream, when the wolf came to drink of it, a little higher up. 'What do you mean by it, you nasty little beast?' says the wolf; 'you are puddling all my water, stirring up the mud, fouling the stream while I drink.' 'Sir,' the lamb answers him, 'how can that be? Surely this water is running down to me from you.' 'Ah, hum, ha!' the wolf begins again: 'it was something else that I had to say to you. I haven't forgotten what happened yesterday, when I was hunted by those dogs; there was your father, showing the dogs where I lay hidden.' The lamb, in great surprise at this accusation, says, 'It must be a mistake, sir; for my father was killed by the butcher a twelve-month ago.' 'Well,' says the wolf, 'if it wasn't your father who did it, then it was your mother, which is all the same.' 'My mother!' cries the innocent lamb; 'I believe that she died on the day after I was born.' 'I don't care,' the wolf says in conclusion, 'which of you it was that did me wrong, for I know that all your family have always hated me; so now I am going to eat you

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up!" Which the wolf proceeded to do; just like Great Britain's way of dealing with the Afrikanders!"

Sorry am I to regard the English nation, in its political and official actions toward my own people, and in the conduct of many of its representatives in South Africa, as our ancient, inveterate enemy, arrogant, covetous, unscrupulous, aye, shameless and insolent, in practices of iniquity to our hurt and damage. We have done no wrong to that old enemy, but here he is again. Because it turns out, of late years, that this country north of the Vaal, which has been ours for half a century, includes rich gold fields, he will not allow our Republic to stand any longer. "We English," he says to himself, "are a proud and powerful imperial nation, and we like to feel that our empire contains more wealth than any other dominion in the world. We will not be troubled or hindered by any moral scruples; let us annex that rich country, for there is no power in South Africa to prevent us. By hook or by crook, we must become its masters, its lords and proprietors; we must have the Transvaal for our own."

Of the hook and the crook, in different past and present devices to bring our country under foreign dominion, there is yet more to be related, and I fear that some more will yet be soon attempted; we must still be on our guard against it. I would not, however, speak unjustly of that nation, which has vexed us so often and so long. There are in England, no doubt, many good and upright Englishmen; and here, too, there are some, but these are a minority, so far, of my English acquaintance here. I do know a few of them who agree well with the Boers; and some, even, who take the Afrikanders' cause to heart; some even who cherish, with true republican sympathy, the best wishes for the liberty and prosperity of our State, and who might, if the law of our State permitted

it, be worthily elected members of the First Volksraad. But the minority of such good and true men cannot withstand the wrongful designs of the majority, or of the most powerful moneyed men among the Outlanders, in league with Rhodes and his associates elsewhere, whose avarice and ambition seek their further aggrandisement from the ruin of our Free Commonwealth here in the Transvaal.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS.

So early as the year 1877, and yet earlier, gold had been found in the territory of our Republic, but not enough to be worth the cost and trouble of extracting or collecting it. At the date of the pretended annexation to the British dominion, April 12, in that year men were already busy on the Lydenburg gold fields to gather the alluvial ore. The late President Burgers had caused a thousand pounds weight of it to be coined into money stamped with his own portrait. But the gold fields could not then yet be said to be a paying concern. It was a dead, unprofitable business at that time.

A wonderful change took place here after our War of Freedom in 1881. The gold fields' industry revived, slowly at first, but in 1884 those of Barberton were discovered with better success. On the mountain since called the high Duivel's-Kantoor-Berg—the Devil's Office Mountain—more especially, alluvial deposits of gold were abundant. The Barberton quartz reefs were found to be auriferous about the same time. Before long different companies began to bring in crushing batteries on wagons drawn by teams of oxen, traveling on roads worse than a "baboon path" in the forest. They had to encounter great obstacles, and the machinery which arrived was of the most wretched description, and in the most impaired condition. Nevertheless, Barberton soon got ahead in this business; laws and regulations for the working of the gold fields were decreed or enacted by the South African Republic. Next year came more astonishing changes.



DR. LEYDS.





The gold fever infected many of our burghers. Four of them, named De Villiers, Du Plessis, and two brothers Struben, in 1885, found a small patch of gold in the Wit-water's Rand. Those gentlemen began and continued to work that place, until they at length discovered the mining reef, at present well known, close to the site upon which Johannesburg has since been built. The primitive "banket" or cake reef was seen there with portions of it sticking up above the surface of the ground. Eagerly and confidently they inferred that those ugly rocks, those "Vraatjesklippen," as our people had called them in derision, were full of gold. The rumor spread like a blazing fire which proceeds from a kindled spark. There was an amazing rush to the Rand in 1886; when digging was proved to pay the field of operations quickly extended to where Boksburg and Krugersdorp are now situated.

At the beginning, on the Rand, the working camp near the auriferous reef above mentioned, consisting of a few straw or reed huts, was called Ferreira's. Afterward the Government, by order, created a new village township, high up, which received the name of Johannesburg. Somewhat later were formed the townships of Boksburg, Krugersdorp, Florida, and Maraisburg, all along the Rand.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JOHANNESBURG AND PRETORIA.

The foundation of Johannesburg has been noted. Incredibly rapid was the progress of this and other towns on the Rand in 1887. European speculators and inventors, with plenty of money or credit, arrived at the gold fields' capital. The costliest machinery was imported, while yet it could reach Johannesburg only by ox-wagon carriage. Business, industry, and trade were speedily developed in the next two or three years. It was marvelous to behold, in 1890, how the town had grown up, with grand buildings, well laid out streets, and agreeable avenues of trees, which seemed to flourish in the air of the Rand. The exchequer of the State was filled with money from the taxes and mining rents. The Republic established its own mint. Railways began to be constructed; telegraph wires stretched to right and left along the city; over both Johannesburg and Pretoria, the lines of telephonic communication were like cobwebs suspended aloft. Till 1895 these visible signs of activity and material improvement went on increasing. More fine buildings were erected, five stories high, costing thousands of pounds; the streets were rendered more commodious. The value of imported machinery was enormously augmented. The railway from Cape Town, by Kimberley, to Pretoria, was extended to the Golden City, about forty miles, and was connected with the Natal railway; the stations also were much improved.

The market at Johannesburg is a wonderful sight, in a city but ten or twelve years old. Our respected chief

market superintendent, the Herr Smuts, with six subordinate masters, deals fairly with the Boers and the townfolk; thousands of pounds daily pass through their hands; from early morning to eleven o'clock about two hundred wagons come into the market-place. All South Africa seems to have dealings there. A hundred horses are daily bought and sold. Cars, wagons, beasts are continually passing. People jostle each other walking on the side pavements. Bicycles flit along the street. A tramcar line traverses the whole city. Numbers of Arab or Indian peddlers go about with their little trucks full of things for sale, or with boxes or trays hung at their breasts; Jews carry bundles of their own wares; fish dealers, with sounding trumpets, drive noisily along; children, boys and girls cry the newspapers which they want you to buy; never was there such a bustle in a South African town.

Johannesburg was ruled at first by a Local Sanitary Board or Committee, which, however, took upon itself to do more than it had a right to do, and some things that were illegal. Complaints of this having been made to Pretoria, the Government was obliged to supersede the Sanitary Committee by nominating a City Council, under the control of a Burgomaster, and Mr. J. Z. de Villiers was the first Burgomaster appointed. There are four Landrosts, or magistrates, whose offices are every day full of business. The postmasters and telegraph office clerks are numerous, working day and night.

The habits of the Johannesburg population are such as might be expected in a town of gold-seekers and gold-spenders, not like the poetic ideal of the pastoral golden age. A multitude of speculators in shares may be observed to hang all day around the Stock Exchange. Betting on the races is a favorite diversion; horses contend for the sweepstakes monthly; tickets are offered for

sale; the losses and gains on a race may amount to a total of £100,000. Saloons, bars, and canteens are open at every street corner; you might count hundreds of drunken men. On Sundays it is curious to see the Kaffir laborers, who come into town from the gold mines; some of them wear long-skirted black frock coats on the Sunday; every one may have a purse full of money in his trousers' pocket. In numbers, about half the population of Johannesburg is native African. The Boers, who visit the city on week days to make purchases at the shops, have well-filled purses, of course, and do not spend all their money.

Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, the seat of Government, is adorned with the finest Government building that exists in South Africa. The Kerk-Plein, with its palatial edifices, has an imposing aspect. The streets at night are illuminated by electric lights, as in any European city. The President seems to reign here like a king, while he is recognized by all the world as an eminent statesman. There is a million sterling in the Government Treasury. A hundred clerks are employed in the Government offices. The Executive Council, and the members of the Volksraad, are upon a footing equal to that of the Senators and members of the Chamber in any European State. Pretoria fashionable society puts on, of course, an air of metropolitan dignity, regardless of the vulgar rich prodigality of Johannesburg, shown in various amusing ways; and not least by the haughty elegance of the manner in which ladies hold up their heads, as their carriages drive by you, in the evening on the way to the opera, or to a concert; but I am not competent to describe the habits of fashionable life. As for politics and government, my attention must just now be confined to Johannesburg, where I dwell and see a good deal.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE FOREIGNERS' REVOLUTIONARY PLOTS.

The scandalous plot to overthrow our Republic was concocted and prepared from June, 1895, to the end of December, as is abundantly proved, by Cecil Rhodes, with his allies, Phillips and Beit, and others, but it had been secretly contemplated by some of them at the time of Sir Henry Loch's visit there a year before. It was covered by the programme of what they styled "The National Reform Union" at Johannesburg, and by the manifesto, of menacing tone, which expressed more than the avowed purport, with demands for certain measures not altogether bad in themselves, but requiring due investigation, prudent legislative council, and mature deliberation on the part of the State Government.

Its commencement began to be apprehended by those who could perceive that something was covertly going on at the Rand, about the middle of the year 1895. Already in the month of June, among a section of the Outlanders, there seemed to be a screw loose in the fabric and machine of social order. But nobody at first could exactly detect the place where it was, or the tendency of agitation in the political workings of Johannesburg sentiments and designs. It was to be remarked, however, that Sir Henry Loch, who is now Lord Loch, had been there in June, 1894. He had visited the Rand gold mines, and could not enough, at a great meeting of the English here, express his admiration of their boundless riches. He made particular inquiries. About the same time, Mr. Lionel Phillips wrote a letter, suggestive of the intended



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action, to Mr. Alfred Beit at Cape Town. Then appeared Mr. Charles Leonard, as President of the "English National Reform Union." Its meetings were invariably conducted so as to foment disaffection to the Government of the South African Republic. But the political agitation was stirred up rather under the surface of that reform question, secretly and softly, for several months. Some uneasy apprehensions of the real purpose of its managers were entertained, and were discussed even by Dutch journalists, but nothing was yet discovered. So it went on till December; then arose more alarming rumors. Our President was on his official tour through the Transvaal. He was attending a meeting at Bronkhorstpruit; there he received messages of such urgent import that he was obliged hastily to return to Pretoria, for suddenly the Government of this State found itself beset with difficulties and perils, the grounds of which could scarcely be discerned.

The dictatorial manifesto of what styled itself "The National Reform Union," composed of a few thousand foreigners or "Outlanders," of diversified nationality, but mostly English-speaking, resident in the one city of Johannesburg, and belonging to the gold fields class interest, was actually issued at Christmas, 1895, signed by Mr. Charles Leonard, with the appointment of a public meeting to be held on January 6, for the discussion of reforms, as though peaceable and lawful actions only were intended. But secretly, during months before, large supplies of warlike weapons and stores had been collected in the town, and preparations had been made for an armed insurrection, to be aided by Jameson with the Chartered Company's and other British military forces. I was at Johannesburg, not with those who were sent out to repel the attack made by Jameson. The condition of the city in those days is what I then personally witnessed.

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There was a feeling of much anxiety toward the end of December on account of the multitudes of unemployed Kaffir mining laborers and others, who came in from the Rand, and thronged the streets of the town. It was feared that they would turn to robbery and violence. Householders began to form associations for mutual protection, and plans for looking after those people, relieving temporary distress, controlling and removing them, were proposed. At the same time much inconvenience and confusion accrued from the arrival by cheap railway excursion trains of extraordinary numbers of holiday-making visitors from the neighboring States and colonial provinces; on the other hand, business in Johannesburg being very slack or suspended in the Christmas week, many families of the inhabitants went to visit their friends elsewhere. The scenes at the railway stations in this neighborhood were remarkable; the trains were crammed, especially with women and children; some passengers took their seats many hours before their train was to start; some who had bought first-class tickets had to get into a second or third-class carriage, or even into a cattle truck. They suffered much discomfort, and the traffic fell into disorder, but it was not till January 2 that the terrible railway disaster happened at Glencoe, on the Natal line, where thirty people were killed at once and many were badly hurt, some of these dying soon afterward.

No resident at Johannesburg at that time can have yet forgotten the sad spectacle of the bringing in of those lifeless and mangled victims of the railway accident. Among those who publicly deplored it with tears and cries of grief was Mevrouw Kruger, the good old wife of our worthy President. He, too, a few weeks later, in beholding the miserable effect of a calamity still more dreadful, that of the tremendous dynamite explosion on

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February 19, 1896, among the railway trucks at the Johannesburg station, in visiting the hospital and attending the subsequent funeral of seventy-two dead people, could not refrain from weeping, though few men have more self-command. Oom Paul has a tender heart.

On the 29th of December, 1895, Johannesburg was excited by a very different cause of alarm. Hundreds of people were escaping from the city by every railway train and some were running away on foot; they were fugitives going to seek any place of safety in the wide world; no one cared to abide by his employment or business. The windows and doors of the grand shops, offices and warehouses were closed up with thick planks, nailed as strongly as it could be done in such haste; the banks were shut up. Chests and bags of money were sent away by railroad to various destinations. Tumults, fights and riots being feared, the police were ordered to close every drinking saloon, and the bars of the restaurants and the hotels; this order was enforced by the English townsmen, as well as by the officials of our own Government. Some families belonging to our community left the city. In the streets and market-place roamed bands of Kaffirs, to the number of several thousand. All was in confusion, with terror and uproar, dreading some instant peril of the townspeoples' lives and property.

Commandant D. Schutte, under whose orders I was, summoned every man to get ready, and to report himself for duty at the police stations. The order was that all who stood on the side of the Government of our Republic should come forward and present themselves for its service, and great was the need already, but next day, the 30th, it was no longer a secret; the Englishmen had risen in arms, and had in fact "annexed" the city. Thousands of Outlanders, to whom rifles and ammunition had

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quickly been dealt out from some concealed stores, were standing ranked together on their mustering ground. About 500 men of a new police force, appointed by the heads of the English faction, occupied the streets. It seemed as if Johannesburg belonged to the men of that nation, as if it had been captured by a foreign enemy. They had, during more than a twelvemonth, been smuggling in chests of firearms and of warlike stores, under false descriptive labels, with several Maxim guns, and they had field artillery on the road to the Transvaal. On this day we saw a military camp formed outside the town, with tents erected there, on rising ground to the north-west, where they were digging to throw up ramparts for a kind of fort or batteries.

The situation of Commandant Schutte, in charge of the city for the Government of our State, was extremely difficult. Some of his countrymen unjustly accused him of cowardice. I judged quite differently of his conduct, which I think was very discreet and prudent; but he and his officers, Van Damme, Robberts and Bosman, did all that good and brave men, under the circumstances, could do. We, the Afrikaner burghers, were very much excited, and were indignant because we were not at once furnished with rifles, as we saw our friends the Hollanders and Germans allowed to carry them. I confess that I myself had stolen one from the Commandant's office; I was going to get some cartridges, and I would then have shot any of our own policemen who turned rebel, but God prevented me. The rifle was taken from me by Lieutenant Robbertzoon. It was better so, for in half an hour, at the first shot fired, there would have been fighting all over the town, and what would have happened to the thousands of defenseless people—to the women and children? Early in the morning, Commandant Schutte and the Mines Commissioner, Van der

Merwe, came to us at the police barracks, and spoke to us very calmly and firmly, explaining why it was not advisable immediately to give us arms, but they assured us that if there were a conflict we should all be well armed. Most of the burghers were contented with this promise. Whether our leading men already knew, at that hour on December 21, of Jameson's inroad, I am not aware; but for us burghers it was very disagreeable to stay without weapons, amidst thousands of rebels and enemies who were fully armed, especially after we heard of the fighting at Krugersdorp.

In the meantime, at Johannesburg, in the city, the enemy for several days had it all his own way. Our own policemen were disarmed and withdrawn from the streets, confined to their barracks, to avoid a conflict. The Hollanders and Germans stood faithfully by our Government; of the latter nearly 800 men, under their own officers, were in arms, briskly drilling, while the Hollanders, posted nearest to the English camp—the English hate the Dutch here like the plague—kept watch over the railway station, which was likely to be first attacked. They very cleverly made a fort of railway trunks, which they could well have defended. At the Government buildings were the magistrates, Landrosts, and Mines' Commissioners, attending to their business. The Veldt-Cornet having disappeared, J. de Millon was appointed in his stead to rule at Johannesburg. As the day went on, January 1, we heard various rumors of the result of the Krugersdorp fight the day before. We could see the camp of our rebels from the town; there seemed to be a great bustle and movement amongst them, with carriages driving to and fro. At ten o'clock I went up to the market-place. In the surrounding streets arose a great commotion, which I heard, and thought myself not very safe there; but when I turned back I observed that in front of



almost every house looking toward the outside of the town Englishmen were standing at the door with spy-glasses or telescopes, looking at their camp and along the western road toward Krugersdorp. At the door of the last house were two old "red-necks" gazing in this manner at the fort. I quietly got behind them and heard them say, "Dr. Jameson is coming!" It was the first time I had ever heard of Jameson, and I did not understand what it meant. But I clapped as loudly as I could with my two hands on the legs of my breeches to startle them, and I cried out in an alarming voice, "The Boers are coming!" Would you believe it? I tell you, my reader, that those two English red-necks instantly ran indoors, one of them dropping his spy-glass and leaving it on the ground, while I walked on homeward. I was only a little afraid that they would send a bullet after me, so I walked away rather fast.

The position of our Government was such as to render it not easy to contrive and execute the measures for defense. If you know that a burglar is trying to break into your house, you may not know exactly where and how the entrance will be effected. Orders were hastily given to the Commandants and Field-Cornets to call out the burghers and bring them upon the roads between Krugersdorp and Johannesburg. But nobody who knew the ways of our old chief enemy could doubt that the whole of our territory and all its frontiers would be in danger of invasion. Forces were therefore assembled to move in different directions. Around the City of Gold Miners, Johannesburg, our commanders soon occupied the positions of best advantage, ready for whatever should take place. On January 2, the presence of Jameson's troop of banditti was known to all the country. But our commanders had to deal at once with that nest and breeding place of rebels or foreign foes of the State, which was in



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open insurrection. To the south lay the forces of Commandant D. Weilbach encamped against it. Other bodies of our troops approached it on different sides. The veteran commander Piet Cronjé, one of the heroes of the War of Freedom in 1880 and 1881, had again taken the field, and was to gain the fresh honor of seeing Englishmen lay down their arms at his feet.

Jameson's defeat and surrender at Doornkop, on January 2, cast all our enemies into great perplexity. Their idolized dictator, Rhodes, who had three days before telegraphed to London, "I shall win, and South Africa shall belong to England," was far distant. President Kruger had got Jameson and Willoughby and the other English officers locked up in jail. The clever advocate, Charles Leonard, head of the National Union of Outlanders, had fled to Cape Town. The stores of provisions for an expected siege to be withstood at Johannesburg, immense quantities of grain and herds of cattle, had been confiscated by the lawful Government. Its military and police forces again held possession of the city. The revolutionary rule was past; its duration was as many days as the years of British usurpation in the Transvaal, from April, 1877. Next came Sir Jacobus de Wet and Sir S. Sheppard, to convince the revolutionist leaders that they had better give up all their arms to Oom Paul, who had signified that he would take them, otherwise, within twenty-four hours. The Government proceeded to vindicate the lawful authority of the State by arresting over sixty of those persons, instituting a prosecution for treason and committing them to prison.

Their trial was held in the large Market Hall at Pretoria; the chief of the Bench of Judges was Advocate Gregorowski, an eminent lawyer of the Orange River Free State, whose impartiality could not be questioned. Sixty-four prisoners were brought before the judges and

a special jury. They took it coolly, and all pleaded guilty. The Chief Judge, addressing them with great propriety, sentenced to death four of them, namely, Lionel Phillips, Colonel Francis Rhodes, J. H. Hammond and George Farrar, according to law; a fine of £5,000 was imposed upon each of the others. These sentences were confirmed in due course by the Executive Council of State.

Now came petitions, numerously signed, begging for a commutation of the death sentences. Some were from our own burghers, others by cable telegraph beneath the sea, and by land from different provinces of South Africa came asking our Government to spare the lives of those four men. Tender-hearted ladies personally visited our President, imploring his mercy. Ah! it was the same in the year 1816, with the British Government of the Cape Colony, when the seven Afrikanders who had risen to avenge the murder of Oom Freek Bezuidenhout by the soldiers were doomed to the gallows at Slagter's Nek. Petitions were sent then to Cape Town; wives and children knelt imploring that those men's lives might be spared; but it was all in vain. Now, after eighty years, while sons and grandsons had grown up to take the place of their fathers of the two nations in South Africa, but the same God was living as He is living still, Who sees all the deeds of all generations of mankind, here was their situation reversed. Oh, England! noble, powerful, renowned Great Britain! hast thou any feeling of national remorse and repentance? See what was done on our part in 1896.

Our President, after a few days, commuted the capital sentences to a fine of £25,000 each. Be it observed that all these condemned criminals were actually millionaires, to whose wealth that sum is like a drop in a bucket of water. When the joyful news was communicated to them by the keeper of their prison their gloom was changed

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for gladness. The money was instantly paid, and they went out free. The tears of those who mourned over, or who dreaded their impending doom, became tears of joy. See now the true character of the great man you Englishmen hate and revile, President Kruger! A horrible crime had been perpetrated against him as the ruler of the State and against his nation. It was all in his power to let the extreme punishment be legally inflicted. But his noble-minded, Christian, humane, forgiving disposition was inclined not to make the guilty suffer as they deserved. Not "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," is the motto of a good man! By this example of benevolent clemency, you will say, the President showed to all the world he is a wise statesman. Yes, and I will say that this example, compared with that of your Governor in 1816, has put the English nation to shame!

The released prisoners went to the President's house, thanked him very heartily, and returned the same evening to Johannesburg, where doubtless they were festively treated with champagne. All were freed except two obstinate gentlemen, named Sampson and Davis, who refused to sign a memorial asking for their release. They remained in the jail until the Jubilee Day of Her Majesty the Queen of England, when, generously to them and in honor of Queen Victoria, the President set them free.

Some months before the conspiracy and rebellion of Johannesburg, President Kruger said, in a conversation about the extension of the franchise to Outlanders, or their admission to the burghership of the South African Republic: "Something is bound to happen before that can be settled, by which, perhaps, the chaff will be separated from the grain, and we shall then be able to see what men there are to whom the franchise can be intrusted, and who are the men not safely to be allowed to possess and use it."

This has indeed been the course of our political affairs. By the Johannesburg treason plot and Jameson inroad that part of the population of the Transvaal was sifted, or winnowed, so that it could be seen on which side the Republic or its enemies, the contents of that district would be likely to fall in. The Transvaal, indeed, is a strange country, with a very strange mixed population. For the sake of its incalculable supposed mineral riches of all kinds, but especially its world-famous gold mines, people of diverse races and classes have come from every quarter of the globe. They get a better livelihood here than they did in the places which they have left; some may not go home, but stay here for good. Thus, in a very short time, over 100,000 people have arrived. Of these newcomers there are, besides Afrikaners of other colonies and provinces, Hollander Dutchmen, Germans, French, English, Scotch, and Irish, Australians, Americans, and Jews of every nationality. Those Outlanders soon desire to obtain in our Republic the same privileges of citizenship and of political self-rule that we have. From one point of view their claim is quite fair, since they have brought in the capital and skill for undertakings which have filled the State Treasury, that was empty before. That is well and good; but the question for us is, How far can they yet be trusted with political power in our State? They dwell among us, undisturbed, and enjoy full protection under our Government; why should they desire more? If they get the franchise, what will they do with their votes?

I know what the Englishmen here will do with their votes; they will elect Cecil Rhodes for President, or some other Englishman, and then we know this our country, so dearly purchased for us by the toil and sweat and blood of our fathers, will belong to our old enemy—to England. That only will content them, as he and they have said. In

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my mind, therefore, while our Government ought, the sooner the better, to reform the electoral law, never should an Englishman, remaining one of that nation, have a vote in our State affairs. Treat them justly, on an equality with all others, in what concerns their personal and private interests; let them be protected by our Government as well as ourselves; but, seeing what is the character and political tendency of the English element, I should be inclined to say, Never give them the vote!

As for other Outlanders, we must look at each nationality and each class to see how they are likely to use the franchise. Of the Hollander Dutchmen it may be said that they are a little too proud and self-conceited, and for that, I am sorry to observe, most of the Afrikaners do not much like them. But who is without any faults? and, for that matter, if a man has no pride or good opinion of himself, it is perhaps, in some cases, because he knows that he is good for nothing. It is mistaken and perverse on our part to detest the Hollanders. I am convinced, and I can prove it, that they have been, in many respects, the benefactors of this country. And mind this, the Hollanders will never betray us! With the Germans I am not so much acquainted; but the men of that nation, upon the occasion of the Johannesburg conspiracy, showed by their acts that they could well be trusted. They were, in fact, as President Kruger has foretold, so winnowed in the sieve as to be proved good sound corn. We have, then, from that trial, been able to distinguish three sorts of men in this country, namely, the Afrikaners, the Hollanders and the Germans, who are trustworthy to possess the franchise. Our Government showed directly afterward that it was disposed to treat the lately arrived Outlanders reasonably, and allowed more than 1,500 of them to obtain the right of voting. If the Englishmen, on the contrary, rather fell into a



backward position in the State it was their own fault or that of their leaders.

I may add one more observation regarding the Afrikaners in the Cape Colony. At the last election for President in our Republic grossly injurious statements were made to disparage our highly esteemed General Joubert. They came from certain Colonial Afrikaners opposed to him, who are believed all to be Doppers (strict "Particular Baptists"). It was said that, if he became President in the Transvaal, all the clerkships in our Government offices would be filled with Bovenlanders (persons coming from the old settled agricultural districts around the Paarl, Wellington and Worcester, to the north-east of Cape Town, between the Cape and Zwaartberg mountain range). Never take heed of such idle rumors and notions! I have observed the Bovenlanders with particular attention; there is no truth in it. And I have been amongst hundreds of the Cape Colony people, at a time of almost revolutionary excitement. I can truly bear witness that those Afrikaners showed themselves as stanch and faithful to their alliance with our own State as the "Vaalpensers," the born Transvaalers, themselves can be. Never did I meet with a single one of them who sympathized with the English Imperial Annexation Party!



## CHAPTER VIII.

### NATIONAL HYMN OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

*(Adapted from the Hymn of the Orange Free State.)*

Men of Transvaal, we bid you raise  
A people's voice, a hymn of praise,  
To God, Who set you free!  
Who led our fathers to this land,  
Who bade this nation take its stand,  
Here, in just liberty!

We pray Thee, God, this State to keep,  
Firm on its rock-foundation deep,  
Here, from the stranger freed!  
Our Burgher counsel bless and guide,  
That they may carefully provide  
For all the public need!

We also pray, Eternal Lord!  
Thy gracious help to him afford,  
Our chosen President!  
Who bears a task, which never can  
Be well performed by any man,  
Except Thy aid be sent!

And now, Transvaalers, to this land,  
Its laws, its President's command,  
Its Volks-Raad! Burghers all!  
Your hearts' best wishes shall ye give!  
Your patriot service, die or live!  
Not your Republic fall!

A Brief History of the Transvaal  
Republic.

By CHARLES T. BUNCE.



# A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE Transvaal Republic.

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## CHAPTER I.

### EARLY HISTORY.

The history of the Transvaal Republic properly begins with the earliest settlement of Cape Colony, as the Boers were emigrants from that place.

Herodotus mentions the fact that the Phœnicians sailed around the Cape of Good Hope about 600 B. C. History records nothing further concerning it until the year 1487, when a Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, landed there. Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape ten years later, in 1497.

The first real settlement at the Cape was made by the Dutch East India Company in 1650. The Dutch settlement was augmented by Germans, Flemings and Portuguese, and in 1686 by a large number of Huguenots who had fled from France on account of religious persecutions. The settlements were, of course, at first confined to the coast, but as the population became more numerous the interior regions were slowly penetrated, and the native tribes reduced to slavery or driven further inland.

The slavery question has always been a disturbing factor in South African affairs, as will be seen in the suc-

ceeding pages. Its introduction was simultaneous with the earliest settlements, and its extinction has been one of the most difficult of tasks.

In 1795 the first serious revolt occurred, an attempt being made to free the colony from the dominion of Holland, and establish a republic. This effort was brought to naught by the arrival of a British fleet, sent by the Prince of Orange, in whose name possession was taken of the colony. The British rule continued until 1802, when the government was restored to Holland.

In 1806 the British again took possession, and the territory was formally ceded to England in 1815.

The population at this time was mainly Dutch. The name Boer (or farmer) was generally applied to them, as they were mainly an agricultural people.

As was natural, the permanent establishment of British government was followed by the influx of a large number of Englishmen. It is said that fully 4,000 arrived in the year 1820 alone.

With the advent of such a large number of people of a different race and language, began that long struggle between the two races which has been the cause of so much bloodshed and strife, culminating in the present war.

The Boer's temperament is phlegmatic, and agriculture is his chief occupation. The English, on the other hand, are active, aggressive and enterprising.

The Boers had built up a system of their own, and the changed methods introduced by the English were a source of constant dissatisfaction to the slow-going Dutchmen.

The Boers had always considered the negroes as inferior beings, created for their especial benefit as slaves.

One of the first acts of the English was to emancipate all slaves in 1833.

Another serious cause of dissatisfaction to the Boers

was the retrocession to the Kaffirs of the territory which had been taken from them and annexed to the colony. The Boers had hoped to occupy these lands. Moreover, they were dissatisfied at the inadequate compensation given to them for the slaves that had been taken from them and restored to freedom by the Emancipation Act. Payment was tendered in the form of paper payable in London, which could only be converted into money at the Cape at a ruinous discount. It is now generally admitted by the English that the Boers were unfairly treated in this matter.

These grievances led to the first general movement of the Boers to the interior, commonly known as the "Great Trek." Their object was to establish at some remote point an independent government, where they might be free to act as they desired, and to re-establish slavery.

In 1835, the first bands, led by one "Trieckard of Albany," crossed the Orange River. Other bands rapidly followed, and the colonies of Natal and Orange Free State received their first settlement.

In leaving Cape Colony, the Boers took occasion to issue a Declaration of Independence couched in the following language:

"We quit this colony under the full assurance that the English Government has nothing more to require of us, and will allow us to govern ourselves without interference in future."

A form of government was then established by them in Natal.

In 1840, Governor Napier issued a proclamation denying their right to form an independent government, even beyond the border of the Cape Colony.

Constant encounters with the Kaffirs and other savage tribes rendered their lives in this new country anything but a bed of roses. Peter Reteif, one of the most promi



ment of the Boer leaders, was treacherously slain in one of the many conflicts with the savages.

Depleted in numbers, and harassed by the natives, a small British force which was landed in the Natal territory had no difficulty in forcing a majority of the Boers to acknowledge British sovereignty. Some, however, "trekked" in the direction of the Vaal, and refused to submit to British rule.

No sooner had the English acquired a foothold in Natal than they freed all slaves held by the Boers, which so incensed the latter that a large number moved inland to join those who had made the first settlements.

In 1848, the Cape Government having proclaimed the entire territory up to the Vaal River as British territory, another advance was made on the Boers, and a force under Governor Smith defeated them near Bloomplatz, in the Orange River country, and they were again reluctantly compelled to acknowledge British rule.

Undaunted, however, a large body of the Boers massed under the leadership of Andrus Pretorius, a valiant man who had repeatedly offered effective resistance to the British. They moved to the regions beyond the Vaal River, and then laid the foundations of the present Transvaal, or South African Republic.

During the years 1851 and 1852 the British became involved in hostilities with the powerful, savage tribe of Basutos, and Pretorius, seeing his opportunity, made overtures for the acknowledgement by the English of the independence of the Transvaal. He was successful in this project, and on Jan. 16, 1852, the famous convention of Sand River was concluded, by which the Boers living beyond the Vaal were given the right to establish a government, and to make their own laws, except that slavery was to be prohibited.

In 1854, a further convention was concluded at Bloem-

fontein, by which the independence of the Orange Free State was granted by England.

Thus, after nearly twenty years of removal from place to place, with constant encroachments by the British, and continuous trouble with the natives, the Boers had apparently achieved their wish at last, and having been granted the rights of independent government, it seemed probable that they would have no further troubles, and that they would be permitted to pursue their agricultural lives free from interference—a peculiar people, apart from, and not like to, the rest of the world.

But the slavery question, and events as yet unthought of, were destined to disturb their peace and quiet in the coming years, and lead up eventually to one of the most stubbornly resisted wars of the century.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

Although the independence of the Transvaal Republic had been duly acknowledged by England, the government which was established was by no means a perfect or satisfactory one. In fact, there were four separate and distinct states in the Transvaal—Potchefstroom, Lydenburg, Utrecht and Zoutpansberg. Each claimed supreme power, and each was jealous of any centralization of government. There was a sort of concurrent jurisdiction and at least a pretense of a general government, but it was not until 1860 that anything approaching a real union was materialized. The "Volksraad," that peculiar legislative body, the privilege of election to which is one of the prime factors in the present war, had already been organized. In 1858 this body enacted the "Grondwet," or fundamental law, which is the basis of the present body. Mr. M. W. Pretorius, son of the valiant Andreas, was finally elected President, and by 1864 all the Boers of the Transvaal had acknowledged his authority and position as head of the State.

It was about this period that Paul Kruger came into prominence. He was the leader of an armed force that was endeavoring to oppose the claims of one of the "acting presidents" of the Republic—a certain Schoeman.

These factional fights were of constant occurrence, and were waged with great bitterness and animosity, until the final installation of Pretorius as a President acceptable to the majority. This condition of semi-guerilla warfare has its counterpart in the formative history of

nearly every nation on the face of the globe; therefore, it is evident that the Boers were neither worse nor better than others in this respect. It is estimated that the population of the Transvaal at this time was about 30,000 whites, and an almost innumerable host of blacks.

As has been mentioned in previous pages, the hatred between the Boers and the blacks was mutual and intense. Constant warfare was the natural result. The Boer persisted in his old-time doctrine that the black man was fit only for slavery or extermination, and the savage, naturally, objected to this system, showing his feelings by a massacre or an insurrection at every possible opportunity.

Add to this the fact that the occupation of the Boers was almost wholly farming, and that money was a very scarce commodity, and it will readily be seen that taxes were not liable to flow into the treasury in any large amounts. Many of the people absolutely refused to pay any taxes, and the Government, being thus crippled for lack of funds, and burdened with continuous warfare, had a severe struggle to maintain its existence. In fact, one of the leading characteristics of the Boers as a people is their desire to get along with as little government as possible.

In 1871 President Burgers succeeded President Pretorius. The new head of the Government was in many respects different from his predecessor. An able and conscientious man, his main acts seemed to have been prompted by a desire to cultivate peace with England, to reduce the number of conflicts with the natives, and to advance the standing of his people by the introduction of modern improvements and the betterment of the school system.

He effected a loan from the Cape, which relieved the financial troubles of the Republic, and expended nearly

all of his private fortune and exhausted his eloquence in an unsuccessful attempt to secure the construction of a railway to Delagoa Bay, the seaport nearest to the borders of the Transvaal.

This effort was vigorously opposed by the English, who viewed with alarm the possible consequences of the acquisition of a direct road to the sea by the Transvaal. It might possibly mean the future purchase of the seaport from Portugal by the Boers, and lead to the Transvaal becoming transformed from an inland Republic to a nation with a navy.

Meanwhile the people were making strenuous efforts to extend the boundaries of the Republic to the north and west. This policy, of course, meant more wars with the natives—which sometimes resulted favorably to the Boers, and frequently adversely.

The chief among these conflicts was one against the Bechuanas. The Boers assailed the blacks, who were under the leadership of a powerful and cunning chief named Sikukuni, and were thoroughly beaten in a great battle, in which 1,400 Boers participated. This crushing defeat, accompanied as it was by strong menaces by Cetewayo, the warlike leader of the Zulus, who threatened the southern border, led to serious reflection and consideration of the situation by the Boers.

While it is true that the Boers were in serious danger from the inroads of the now thoroughly aroused savages on their borders, the English colonies—especially Natal—were in no less danger.

Under these circumstances the English Government resolved to act, possibly seeing at the same time a favorable opportunity to once more bring the coveted Transvaal region under the British flag.

Accordingly, Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent out

from England with power from his Government to annex the Transvaal and garrison the country with British troops to hold the natives in check; should he deem it advisable. His commission was dated October 5, 1876, and countersigned by Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary, and was sent to Sir H. Bulwer, Governor of Natal, who was instructed to hand it over to Sir Theophilus. These facts should not be lost sight of, as it is often assumed that it was at Sir Bartle Frere's direction that Sir Theophilus annexed the Transvaal. At that time Sir Bartle was not Governor of Cape Colony, or even in South Africa, the Governorship of the Cape being in the hands of Sir Henry Barkly. On receipt of his instructions, Sir T. Shepstone started for Pretoria, which town he entered on January 22, 1877, having traveled from the frontier with an escort consisting only of 25 Natal Mounted Policemen. On his way he was favorably received by a portion of the people; at Pretoria his entry was made the occasion of general rejoicings. On the afternoon of the 26th of the same month (January, 1877), Sir Theophilus had an interview with the Boer Executive. It is at this time that the name of Paul Kruger first comes prominently forward in an official character. Sir T. Shepstone, in his official report, writes that he explained to the Executive that the object of his mission—in view of the disturbed state of the country—"was to confer with the Government and people of the Transvaal, with the object of initiating a new state of things, which would guarantee security for the future."

"Mr. Paul Kruger," adds Sir T. Shepstone, "who is a member of the Executive, and the only opponent of Mr. Burgers for the position of President, did not object to the discussion of the causes which are said to produce insecurity or inconvenience to neighboring states or governments, but positively declined to enter upon the dis-



cussion of any subject that might involve in any way the independence of the State as a Republic."

After nearly three months' inquiry, Sir Theophilus was convinced that the only cure for the manifold ills from which the Transvaal suffered was annexation by Great Britain, and accordingly he issued a proclamation to the effect on April 12, 1877. President Burgers and Kruger protested against this annexation, but the signatures of a majority of the Volksraad being obtained, the annexation was an accomplished fact.

Sir Theophilus reported to his Government that the petition for annexation was signed by 2,500 Boer voters out of a total of about 8,000. This is probably a fair estimate of the sentiment of the Boers regarding the annexation. The majority in the Volksraad in favor of this step was not a fair representation of the sentiment of the majority of the people. Nevertheless the act was accomplished. April 12, 1877, the first Transvaal Republic ceased to exist, and Great Britain assumed the administrative functions of the Government against the will of a majority of the people and against the protest of President Burgers.

## CHAPTER III.

### TO MAJUBA HILL.

Under the peculiar conditions which enabled England to annex the Transvaal, it was apparent that dissatisfaction and discontent would soon manifest itself. The Boers were accused of having previously made overtures to other European nations, notably Germany, Belgium and Portugal, looking to the establishment of a protectorate by one of these powers. There is no reason to doubt but that this was done. Such a proceeding would, however, have interfered seriously with the Briton's dream of a united South African federation under a colonial government similar to that of Canada, and this was probably the motive that led England to so readily and speedily espouse the cause of the Boers (incidentally annexing their territory as quickly as possible). It came cheap, and they "needed it in their business."

The Boers were not slow in making a strong protest against the seizure of their country. Paul Kruger and Mr. Jorissen proceeded at once to England to lay a vigorous complaint against the British Government and endeavor to secure a reversal of the annexation. Sir Shepstone had not been idle, however, and Mr. Kruger's protest was met by a memorial from a portion of the Boers approving the annexation. This well-executed move gave England an ample opportunity to reject Mr. Kruger's protest with a show of justice, on the ground that it did not represent the sentiment of his people.

Sir Shepstone's action was duly approved by the British Government.

England was now pledged to maintain her authority in the country; she was also bound to see that the promises of local self-government were fulfilled. Unfortunately, the outbreak of a native war on the eastern frontier of Cape Colony prevented Sir Bartle Frere, the then Premier, from going to Pretoria, as he had intended, in September, 1877, and no sooner had that trouble been overcome than the far graver question of war with Cetewayo and his Zulus forced itself to the front. The hands of the British authorities were full, and the reforms promised to the Transvaal burghers were not granted. This gave encouragement to the disaffected among the Boers, especially as the British did nothing to prevent many Transvaal farmsteads from being destroyed and their occupants murdered by the Zulus.

While he deplored his inability to immediately remedy the State of affairs at Pretoria, Sir Bartle Frere did not for a moment waver in his belief that England must be the dominant power in South Africa. Writing to Lord Carnarvon, on August 10, 1878, he said:

"You must be master as representative of the sole Sovereign Power up to the Portuguese frontier on both the East and West Coasts. There is no escaping from the responsibility which has been already incurred ever since the English flag was planted on the Castle here. All our real difficulties have arisen, and still arise, from attempting to evade or shift this responsibility."

Meantime matters in the Transvaal were not going well. The Boers were full of complaints; some of them well grounded. But their great grievance was that the British Government had failed to give them protection against Sikukuni and against the Zulus. This had been one of the chief reasons which had induced them to accept annexation. A second deputation to England, composed of Kruger and General Joubert, fared no better

than the first, and once more it was affirmed that it was impossible that the Queen's sovereignty could be withdrawn from the Transvaal. This assurance was conveyed to Messrs. Kruger and Joubert in a letter dated August 6, 1878. It was written by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who succeeded Lord Carnarvon as Colonial Secretary.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed High Commissioner, and went straight from Zululand to the Transvaal in September, 1879. He at once began to destroy any illusion which the Boers might have about retrocession. On his way up he made the emphatic statement at a public dinner at Wakkerstroom that the Transvaal would remain British territory "as long as the sun shone." A few days later, finding two of the Boer leaders inquiring for a reply to a memorial on the subject, General Garnet issued a formal proclamation, of which the following was the essential clause:

"Now, therefore, I do hereby proclaim and make known, in the name and on behalf of Her Majesty, the Queen, that it is the will and determination of Her Majesty's Government that this Transvaal territory shall be, and shall continue to be forever, an integral portion of Her Majesty's dominions in South Africa."

A still more striking declaration was made soon afterward by the High Commissioner, at a banquet given to him at Pretoria by the friends of the British administration there. Referring to an idea which was then being propagated that a change of Government in England would lead to a change of policy, Sir Garnet Wolseley said:

"Nothing can show greater ignorance of English politics than such an idea. I tell you there is no Government, Whig or Tory, Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, who would dare, under any circumstances, to give back this country . . . under no circumstances whatever

can Britain give back this country. Facts are stubborn things. It is a fact that we are here, and it is an undoubted fact that the English Government remains, and remains here."

It is at this point that Mr. Gladstone's influence as head of the Ministry began to be felt for the Boers. In the campaign of 1879 he gave utterance to the following sentiments:

"In the Transvaal we have chosen most unwisely—I am tempted to say insanely—to put ourselves in the strange predicament of the free subjects of a monarch going to coerce the free subjects of a Republic, and compel them to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse."

In another speech in the same campaign Mr. Gladstone said:

"What is the meaning of adding places like Cyprus and places like the country of the Boers in South Africa to the British Empire? And, moreover, I would say this: That if those acquisitions were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them, because they are obtained by means dishonorable to the character of our country."

Such remarks as these, being duly translated and circulated in the Transvaal, could not fail to convince the Boers that they had a strong friend in Mr. Gladstone, and the accession of the Gladstone Ministry early in the following year led to another strong appeal to England, on the part of Kruger and Joubert, for an annulment of the annexation.

From some cause or other, Mr. Gladstone seems to have experienced a change of heart about this time, and his answer to the Transvaal representatives was like unto that of Pharaoh of old, who hardened his heart and refused to allow the Israelites their freedom.



His reply to Messrs. Kruger and Joubert was as follows :

"It is undoubtedly matter for much regret that it should, since the annexation, have appeared that so large a number of the population of Dutch origin in the Transvaal are opposed to the annexation of that territory, but it is impossible to consider that question as if it were presented for the first time. We have to deal with a state of things which has existed for a considerable period, during which obligations have been contracted, especially, though not exclusively, toward the native population, which cannot be set aside.

"Looking to all the circumstances, both of the Transvaal and the rest of South Africa, and to the necessity of preventing a renewal of disorders which might lead to disastrous consequences, not only to the Transvaal, but to the whole of South Africa, our judgment is that the Queen cannot be advised to relinquish her sovereignty over the Transvaal; but consistently with the maintenance of that sovereignty we desire that the white inhabitants of the Transvaal should, without prejudice to the rest of the population, enjoy the fullest liberty to manage their own affairs. We believe that this liberty may be most easily and promptly conceded to the Transvaal as a member of a South African Confederation."

While these important events were transpiring, Lord Chelmsford had, on July 5, 1879, conquered Cetewayo and the Zulus; and Sir Garnet Wolseley accomplished a similar triumph over Sikukuni on November 28 of the same year. This settled the trouble with the natives, and left the Transvaal free from fear of their depredations—a somewhat tardy accomplishment of the relief England had promised some two years previously as a part of the annexation contract.



Great was the disappointment of the Boers to learn, on receipt of Mr. Gladstone's letter (dated June 8, 1880), that no relief could be expected from that quarter. All over the country a simmer of violence broke out. In the course of a month or two it manifested itself in a determination to refuse to pay taxes. Toward the end of the year this became an organized policy. The British authorities selected a case for enforcement at Potchefstroom. This rallied the Boers to a focus. A mass-meeting was held at Paarde Kraal. It lasted from December 8 to 13, and resulted in a determination to rise in revolt.

Under the leadership of Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius, a decision was reached by the Boers at Krugersdorp, on December 8, 1880, to resist England and regain their independence as a nation. Quick action followed this decision, and a hotly contested conflict at Brunckers Spruit resulted in the killing or wounding of 157 of the English soldiers.

England gave a quick response to this act by instructing the Premier of South Africa, Sir Hercules Robinson, to at once subdue the rebellion. An army was sent forward under command of Sir George Colley.

In the meantime the Boers had taken possession of Laing's Nek—a particularly valuable position of defense, being a mountainous pass connecting Natal with the Transvaal, and on the direct route by which the British forces must pass to invade the land of the Boers. On January 28, 1881, Sir George attacked the Boers, but was repulsed with heavy loss. The forces on both sides are variously estimated, but it is probably the fact that the Boers outnumbered the British. The latter undoubtedly underestimated the fighting qualities of their farmer foes—qualities with which they have since become better acquainted,

Without waiting for reinforcements, Sir George again advanced, and another battle was waged at Ingogo Heights, resulting in another defeat.

On the night of February 26, General Colley, who had been reinforced by Sir Evelyn Wood's command, took possession of the lofty heights of Majuba Hill—a mountain 6,000 feet above sea level and 3,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. His intent was probably to fortify this lofty point, deeming it impregnable to assault. Be this as it may, the Boers scaled the hill the next day in the face of the British fire, dividing their forces in three sections. The rout of the British was complete. General Colley and ninety-one others were killed in battle, and the Boers took fifty-nine prisoners.

The following graphic account of the battle of Majuba Hill is by an English eye witness:

"Sir George Colley had observed that Majuba Hill, which overlooked the right of the Boer position, was always left unoccupied at night, although it was held by a Boer picket during the day. Fearing that if he delayed taking the hill the Boers might fortify it as they had done Laing's Nek, he determined to hold it. In order to do this, orders were given on Saturday, February 26, for 180 men of the Ninety-second (Gordon) Highlanders, 148 men of the Fifty-eighth, 150 Rifles, and 70 Blue-jackets to assemble at half-past nine that evening. Their destination was kept a profound secret until on the point of starting, and each man carried three days' provisions and eighty rounds of ammunition. The expectation evidently was that Majuba Hill could be held for two or three days until reinforcements arrived with Sir Evelyn Wood, and then the assault on Laing's Nek could be delivered. That was all very well if the Boers had waited, but they did not.

"In silence the men marched three miles to Majuba Hill, and then began the terrible climb of three hours' duration. The troops made their way to the back of the hill (its steepest part) to avoid detection by the Boers. The ascent was terrible. Burdened with rifles, haversacks, etc., the men had to crawl in the darkness on their stomachs, or pull themselves up steep declivities by the help of growing plants. They reached the first height, but a second, connected with the first by a ridge, had to be encountered. However, about four o'clock in the morning the top was reached, many of the men having lost much of their ammunition. The top of the mountain, at a height of two thousand feet above the Boer encampment, was found to consist of a large basin on which the force could be easily posted. Two companies of Highlanders were left at the foot of the hill to keep communication open with Camp Prospect. The men were posted all round at intervals of ten paces, leaving the Naval Brigade and fifty men of the Fifty-eighth Regiment as a reserve in the central hollow."

"At daybreak," wrote Mr. Cameron, the correspondent of the *London Standard*, who was afterward taken prisoner, "the enemy's principal laager was about two thousand yards distant. At sunrise the Boers were to be seen moving in their lines; but it was not until nearly an hour later that a party of mounted vedettes were seen trotting out toward the hill. As they approached our outlying pickets fired upon them. The sound of our guns was heard at the Dutch laager, and the whole scene changed as if by magic. In place of a few scattered figures there appeared on the scene swarms of men rushing hither and thither; some ran to their horses, others to the wagons, and the work of inspanning the oxen and preparing for an instant retreat commenced. But when the first panic abated it could be seen that some person

in authority had taken command. The greater portion of the Boers began to move forward with the evident intention of attacking us, but the work of preparing for a retreat in case of necessity still went on, and continued until all the wagons were inspanned and ready to move away; some, indeed, at once began to withdraw."

The Boers opened fire about seven o'clock, the air being filled with the whistling of their bullets. Up to eleven o'clock the Boers lay round the hill and maintained a constant fire. Their shooting was exceedingly accurate, and the stones behind which our men lay were struck by every shot.

"Opposed to such shooting as this," wrote Mr. Cameron, "there was no need to impress upon the men to keep well under cover. They only showed to take an occasional shot; and, accurate as was the enemy's shooting, up to eleven o'clock we had but five casualties. Four of the Ninety-second were slightly wounded. Twenty of this regiment, under Lieutenant Hamilton, held the point which was most threatened by the Boers. Nothing could exceed the steadiness of these Highlanders. They kept well under cover, and, although they fired but seldom, they killed eight or ten of the Boers who showed themselves from behind cover.

"We had been exposed to five hours of unceasing fire, and had become accustomed to the constant humming of bullets, which at noon almost ceased, when the general, wearied with the exertions of the previous night, lay down to sleep. Communication by heliograph had been established with the camp, and confidence in our ability to hold our own had increased rather than abated. Lieutenant Hamilton, however, who, with his few men, had been opposing the enemy alone during the morning, did not share in the general assurance. A little after twelve, he came back from his position to tell us that, having

seen large numbers of the enemy pass to the hollow underneath him, he feared that they were up to some devilment. Reinforcements were promised him, and he returned to his post, but these did not reach him until it was almost too late."

Shortly after this the comparative silence was broken by the shrieking of sustained rifle fire. Lieutenant Wright, of the Ninety-second, who was shot through the helmet, rushed back shouting for reinforcements. The General, assisted by his staff, set about getting these forward, and then it was that it dawned upon a few that the hill might be lost. It was quite evident that the men had no ambition to join the fighting line. They moved forward very hesitatingly, but at last they were got over the ridge, where they lay down some distance behind Hamilton and his twenty Highlanders, who, although opposed to five hundred, did not budge an inch. Just at that moment some one ejaculated: "Oh, there they are, quite close!" As soon as the men of the reinforcement, who, by the way, had not joined the twenty of the Ninety-second, heard that remark, they bolted pell-mell. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the twenty Highlanders were forced to retire, the Boers making havoc among the men.

"I was on the left of the ridge," said Mr. Cameron, "when the men came back on us, and was a witness of the wild confusion which then prevailed. I saw Macdonald of the Ninety-second (afterwards Brigadier-General of Omdurman fame), revolver in hand, threaten to shoot any man who passed him; and, indeed, everybody was at work rallying the broken troops. Many, of course, got away and disappeared over the side of the hill to the camp; but some 150 good men—Highlanders, Bluejackets and old soldiers of the Fifty-eighth—remained to man the ridge for the final stand."



The Boers now appeared, and the fire that was exchanged was fearful. Three times the Boers appeared and three times withdrew. It was then that Lieutenant Hamilton of the Ninety-second asked the General to allow his men to charge. His request was disallowed. "Wait till they are closer," said the General. It was then too late. Some of the Boer marksmen had got into secure positions and were dropping the men, who fell fast shot through the head. A bayonet charge would have settled the matter, for above all the Boers were stealing round the exposed flanks.

"We were anxious about our right flank. It was evident," continued Mr. Cameron, "that the enemy were stealing round it, so men were taken to prolong the position there. They were chiefly Bluejackets, led by a brave young officer, and, as I watched them follow him up, for the third time that day, the conviction flashed across my mind that we should lose the hill. There was a knoll on the threatened point, up which the reinforcements hesitated to climb. Some of them went back over the top of the plateau to the further ridge, others went round. By and by there was confusion on the knoll itself. Some of the men on it stood up, and were at once shot down; and at last the whole of those who were holding it gave way. Helter-skelter they were at once followed by the Boers, who were then able to pour a volley into the flank of the main line, from which instant the hill of Majuba was theirs. It was a *sauf qui peut*. Major Hay, Captain Singleton, of the Ninety-second, and some other officers were the last to leave, and these were immediately shot down and taken prisoners. The General had turned round last of all to walk after his retreating troops, when he was also shot dead through the head. To move over about one hundred yards of ground under the fire of some five hundred rifles at close range is not a pleasant ex-

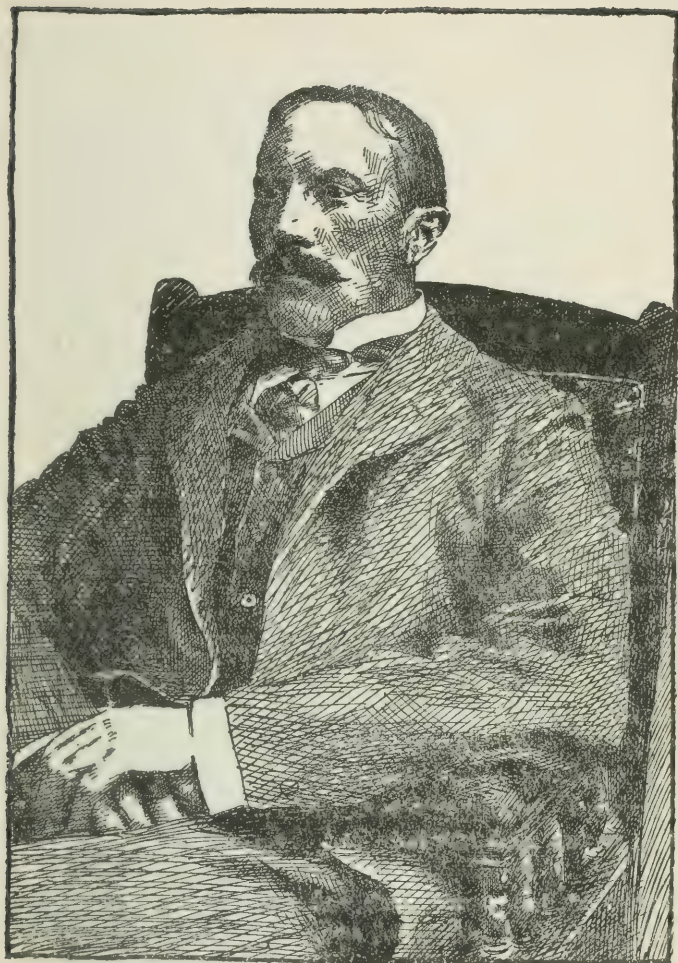


perience, but it was what all who remained of us on that hill that day had to go through. On every side men were throwing up their arms, and with sharp cries of agony were pitching forward on the ground. The Boers were instantly on the ridge above, and for about ten minutes kept up their terrible fire on our soldiers, who plunged down every path. Many, exhausted with the night's marching and the day's fighting, unable to go any further, lay down behind the rocks and bushes, and were afterward taken prisoners; but of those who remained on the hill to the very last, probably not one in six got clear away."

On the following Tuesday a burial party was allowed to go up the hill. Some of the dead were found with terrible wounds, the result of the impact of the explosive elephant bullet used by some of the Boers. Among the dead was a color-sergeant, who had the company's money on his person. The burial party wished to place him at the bottom of the grave, but the Boers made the men bury the body on the top, a few inches below ground, for reasons best known to themselves. The number of killed amounted to three officers and eighty-two men. At first the disaster looked worse than it was, for the official account reported that out of 35 officers and 693 men, 20 officers and 266 men were killed, wounded or missing. However, this included a company of the Sixtieth, that did not take part in the fight. They were left to guard the line of communication with the camp. Many officers and men afterward succumbed to their injuries.

This signal defeat of the British was announced in England two days later, and the Government dispatched Sir Frederick Roberts from England with a vast reinforcement.

Whether England was unwilling to risk a further con-



LATEST PORTRAIT OF SIR ALFRED MILNER.



flict with the Boers, or that the sentiment of the Government had suddenly changed in favor of granting the Transvaal the independence for which it was fighting is a mooted question. Certain it is that Sir Evelyn Wood was commissioned to negotiate with the Boers, and on March 28, 1881, a treaty was concluded at O'Neill's farm, near Majuba Hill, in which the privilege of self-government was restored to the Transvaal Republic, "subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty."

Thus was the battle of Majuba Hill fought, and thus the Boers regained their independence.

Whether or not England would have succeeded in subduing the Boers, had the war not been called to a halt, is a question. Probably the advent of a stronger force would have resulted in defeat of the Boers.

Certain it is, however, that Englishmen have chafed under the record of Majuba Hill for years, and the war of 1899 is being all the more fiercely waged from the opportunity it affords to English arms to redeem the record of that battle, which they feel is a disgrace to the British flag, and one which must be avenged.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE SECOND REPUBLIC.

Up to this time (1881) the only special object England had to gain in retaining control of the Transvaal was the realization of the cherished plan of a united South African Federation. The Transvaal in itself was a region of farms and waste land—not particularly profitable or productive, and not a province particularly desirable, except as an integral part of a United Africa. This, perhaps, explains in a measure the reason why the British Government so speedily concluded the retrocession. There were not wanting Englishmen, both in England and Africa, who gave reasons which were held to justify the surrender to the Boers. They pointed to the fact that it was with great difficulty that President Brand prevented the Free State burghers joining the Transvaal Boers; to the exasperation manifested by the Dutch Afrikanders in Cape Colony and Natal, and to the fact that the British Government were advised from the Cape that the continuance of the struggle would probably light up a race conflict throughout South Africa.

The late Lord Derby succeeded Lord Kimberley as Colonial Secretary, and he listened favorably to an application of President Kruger, which resulted in the substitution of the convention of 1884 for that of 1881. This convention is the basis of the present relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal. By its terms the State was entitled to call itself the South African Republic whilst the control of foreign policy stipulated

for in the convention of 1881 was reduced to the provision that the Republic should conclude no treaty with any state or nation (other than the Orange Free State) without the consent of the Queen. Nothing is said in the convention about "suzerainty," but it is contended on behalf of the British that the suzerainty still subsists. This claim is, with good reason, disputed, and no less an authority than Lord Derby himself declared, in 1884, that the specifications of the treaty included the right for the Boers to govern their country free from interference, subject only to the requirement that any treaty with a foreign state (except the Orange Free State) should not have effect without approval of the Queen.

The convention of 1884 would probably have settled matters between the Boers and the English for all time to come had not an unforeseen and unexpected circumstance occurred. Gold was discovered in the Witwatersrand district, in the southwestern portion of the Republic, in the year 1886, and the deposit proving to be one of the most valuable the world had ever known, a new and troublesome factor was introduced into South African politics.

This was not the first discovery of the kind within Transvaal territory. Other and smaller deposits had been the scenes of excitement in preceding years, but the unbounded wealth of the Rand was of greater moment. It is probable that the Boers had for years known of the mineral wealth of their territory, but, unwilling to exchange their peaceful methods of life for the sake of wealth-getting, they had concealed this knowledge from the world.

As the information of the inexhaustible wealth of the Rand country became noised abroad, people from all parts of the world set their faces toward the new Golconda. In 1887 the output of the mines was 43,000



ounces. In 1888 it was 218,000 ounces; in 1889, 381,000 ounces; in 1890, 491,000; in 1891, 729,000; in 1892, 1,210,000 ounces; in 1893, 1,478,000 ounces; in 1894, 2,024,000 ounces—and the annual product of succeeding years has been steadily increasing. Experts claim that it will take nearly a hundred years to exhaust these rich gold fields. The great city of Johannesburg arose as if by magic. Thousands made it their home. The alien population of the Transvaal soon outnumbered the Boers.

To these newcomers the term "Uitlanders" (outlanders) was applied.

This vast new population wished many concessions, such as the right of voting and securing election to the Volksraad. They claimed that they were unjustly taxed and imposed upon by the Boers. They demanded certain reforms, which the Boers were unwilling to grant. Hence arose the Jameson raid and the Franchise disputes, the latter of which ultimately resulted in the present war. These subjects will be more fully explained in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE JAMESON RAID.

In the convention of 1884 nothing was said regarding the extension of the right to vote to newcomers in the Transvaal. President Kruger had said, in response to inquiry, that but a slight difference would be made in the case of Uitlanders who desired to acquire burgher rights. Under the law of 1882, a five-years' residence was required. The rush of newcomers during the years succeeding the discovery of gold was so great that, in 1894, there were 70,000 Boers, 62,000 British subjects, and 15,000 other foreigners in the country. From this it will be seen that, had the Uitlanders all been permitted to vote, they would have outvoted the Boers and practically assumed charge of the affairs of the country. Once in possession of power, the Uitlanders could easily have voted for re-annexation to the British Empire, and carried their point by a majority vote of the Volksraad.

This possible contingency greatly alarmed the Boers, and they resolved to hedge the franchise with such requirements regarding term of residence, etc., as would render it impossible for the Uitlanders to secure control of the Government. The instinct of self-preservation impelled them to this course, and who can blame them?

It is true that the alien population had been the means of transforming a poverty-stricken Government into one of wealth—had enabled President Kruger to have a magnificent state-house constructed, to build railroads and to develop the country.

But the gold with which this was accomplished was a

part of the natural wealth of the land. The Boers were willing that the gold should be taken away if they were properly remunerated, but they insisted on retaining to themselves their Government, for which they had fought and struggled so many years.

Consequently, in 1887, the length of residence necessary to secure a franchise was extended to fifteen years.

A new branch of legislature was established, called the "Second Raad," and Uitlanders were eligible to election to this body after a four-years' residence. As the actions of this new house were subject to approval by the First Raad before they became laws, this concession amounted to but little. A legislative body with no power of independent action was a useless institution and of no satisfaction to the Uitlanders.

Further amendments to the electoral laws, enacted between 1887 and 1894, made it impossible for any Uitlander to become a voter without renouncing allegiance to other governments. This would seem to an American to be perfectly just, as the renunciation of all former allegiances is made a prerequisite to naturalization in the United States.

The Englishmen in the Transvaal wished, however, to become voters in that Republic without renouncing their allegiance to the British Government, and upon this point they stood firm. The Boers were just as firmly determined that this should not be.

Efforts were made by the British Government to have the term of residence necessary to franchise reduced to five years, and to permit Englishmen to vote, but all such overtures were rejected by President Kruger.

It is well at this point to mention Cecil Rhodes, one of the most prominent characters in modern South African history. This remarkable man has had such an influence on the history of South Africa that no history

of that region would be complete without some mention of his career. Mr. Rhodes, whose full name and title is the Right Honorable Cecil John Rhodes, is the fourth son of the Rev. Francis W. Rhodes, rector of Bishop Stortford, England. He was educated at Oxford, and weak lungs and consequent fear of consumption drove him to Africa, where, as an active and energetic young man, he soon took a prominent part in the political field of his chosen home. In 1884 he was appointed Treasurer-General of Cape Colony, followed almost immediately by an appointment as Deputy Commissioner of Bechuanaland. In 1889 he was chosen Director-General of the British South African Company, an institution which had been fostered and prompted mainly by his ability, and which became at once a leading factor in the development of the British interests in that territory. The head of the greatest of England's interests in Africa was a natural choice for the vacant premiership, and from 1890 to 1894 he administered the affairs of Cape Colony, meanwhile holding the various positions of Chairman of the South African Company, director of the great De Beers mines at Kimberley, and Commissioner of Crown Lands. In 1894 he was made Minister of Native Affairs, and relieved of his premiership.

Mr. Rhodes is, undoubtedly, a man of marked ability—a first-class promoter; and while his schemes for the settlement and development of Rhodesia (the British territory lying north and west of the Transvaal) have been to some extent Utopian, it cannot be denied that, whatever may be Mr. Rhodes' faults, he has certainly done much for Africa and the Afrikanders.

In 1871 Cecil Rhodes was a thin-faced, lanky lad of eighteen, with dull eyes. His countenance did not suggest intelligence and indicated nothing of force. That was only twenty-eight years ago. Now he is the

diamond king, the gold king, the railroad builder, the multi-millionaire among multi-millionaires in his private humdrum capacity. In his public capacity he is the founder of a vast empire, a statesman who in Gladstone's time was counted second only to the Grand Old Man himself; since Gladstone's death counted second to none in all the vast British dominions for relentless force and sheer weight of personal power.

It naturally would be a good deal of a man who could make hatred for himself the one overshadowing passion of a character so broad and full of force as that of Kruger. It is impossible to think of the Transvaal leader indulging himself in real hatred for anything smaller than a giant.

"It is no use for us to have big ideals," said Rhodes once, in conversation with his friend, Chinese Gordon, "unless we have money to carry them out."

That sentiment was the keynote of his early career in South Africa. He had big ideals and he needed a colossal fortune to carry them out. So he went and got the colossal fortune, just as a carpenter would go and get his tools to do a piece of work. His one ideal, around which all other ideals centred, was a vast United States of South Africa. His dream was a compact federated nation like the United States of America. When the home rule agitation was going on in England he exclaimed impatiently:

"Why don't they go and read the Constitution of the United States instead of speculating on this and doubting about that? There is no speculation or doubt about it. Home rule is not an experiment. It has been worked out and solved in the United States for more than a hundred years."

Another time, commenting on the vilification that was

being poured in the English papers on South African ambitions, and on him personally, he said:

"That is the sort of talk that led to Bunker Hill. I am loyal. The Cape is loyal. But continued injustice and misrepresentation will alienate the most loyal. If England interferes with us—well, the United States of South Africa is not an ill-sounding name.

As to his wealth, some place it at \$75,000,000 and some at \$150,000,000, and a figure between the two is probably about right. In his money-getting days he was a money-getter and fond of money and that which represents money. The story is still told of him in Kimberley that he filled a pail full of diamonds, all his own, and poured out the glittering heap again and again with almost childish pleasure.

But that epoch quickly passed, and he turned to graver things.

"He would now no more think of hoarding money," said an acquaintance of his recently, "than a party leader would think of hoarding votes. To him a million pounds simply means a lever, an instrument of power."

It is impossible for those who see him now to think of him as ever having been a weakling sent abroad to die. He is six feet one inch tall in his shoes, and heavy and muscular in proportion. His appearance is a marvel. Chief Lobengula called him "the man who eats a whole country for his dinner."

"He had the face of a Cæsar, the ambition of a *Loyola*, and the wealth of Cræsus," says one writer.

His gray eyes, somewhat sunken in their orbits, have an almost melancholy expression, in curious contrast with the bold resolution of the other features. Washington had such eyes; so did Lincoln. In speech Cecil Rhodes is simple and direct, and in manner frank. He has waged several fierce wars with natives, he is building a railway



and telegraph line from Cairo to the Cape, to say nothing of the lines he has built in the Cape country itself, he has founded an empire—and he is but forty-six years old. Yet his great reproach against himself is that he is lazy—has led, on the whole, rather an indolent life.

The Jameson raid grew out of the franchise troubles in the Transvaal, combined with many other alleged grievances, such as the commandeering of British subjects and the dynamite monopoly. The denial of electoral rights to the immigrants—the majority of whom were British subjects—caused great unrest among the inhabitants of the Rand, and appeals for help to the High Commissioner and to the Colonial Office were frequent. The Liberal Government of that day took cognizance of the Uitlanders' position, and in a dispatch to Sir H. B. Loch, Governor of the Cape at that time, dated October 19, 1894, Lord Ripon, the Colonial Secretary, pointed out the increasing stringency of the conditions by which a majority of adult males, bearing the chief part of the public burdens, were excluded from all share in the management of public affairs. He went on to say: "The period of residence, which constitutes the most important condition of naturalization, differs in different countries, but there is a very general concensus of opinion among civilized States that five years is a sufficiently long period of probation, and Her Majesty's Government would wish you to press upon the Government of the Republic the view that the period in this case should not exceed that limit as regards the right to vote in the first Volksraad, which is the dominant body, and in Presidential elections."

Lord Ripon's advice was unheeded by President Kruger and the Boers, and the agitation for a change in the conditions grew in strength. The Transvaal National Union, a body which had been in existence some years,

conducted its agitation openly, but its efforts met with no success, petitions to the Raad being uniformly unsuccessful. At this period the leaders in what is properly described as constitutional agitation were approached by others, whose methods were not peaceful, and whose object was not the reform of the constitution of the Republic, but the substitution of English rule. "I did not," said Mr. Rhodes to the House of Commons, in explanation of his alleged complicity in the raid, "wish to substitute President J. B. Robinson for President Kruger."

A number of agitators decided to take matters in their own hands and obtain by force what fair means could not accomplish. Accordingly a number of leading citizens of Johannesburg sent a letter to Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of Rhodesia, at Mafeking, stating that the position of matters in the Transvaal had become so critical that at no distant period there would be a conflict between the Government and the Uitlander population. After making strong complaints of both the internal and external policy of the Boer Government, the letter proceeded to declare that in the event of a conflict thousands of unarmed men, women and children would be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value would be in the greatest peril. The signatories of the letter stated that they felt they were justified in taking any steps to prevent the shedding of blood and to insure the protection of their rights, and they, therefore, were constrained to call Dr. Jameson to their aid.

Dr. Jameson gathered a force together and entered the Transvaal on January 1, 1896. He had with him a contingent of the Bechuanaland troops, with six Maxims, but for months before the Boers had been on the alert. They noted that horses were being bought, and on inquiry found that volunteers in England were not provided with horses. The Boer spies soon discovered that the

troops were not volunteers, in the military sense of the word, but men who were about to march on Johannesburg. At Krugersdorp, Jameson expected to find 2,000 good men and true from Johannesburg, but they were not there, so he and his 460 men had to face 2,000 Boers in a strong position. For eleven hours the troopers fought, but the Boers were not to be conquered. The column then moved southward, fighting hard on its way to Johannesburg. Through the whole night the firing was kept up, and in the morning the column again faced the Boers at Doornkop, six miles from Johannesburg. Still the Uitlanders did not appear, and the column fought on against overwhelming odds, until having used all the cartridges and having had no food for twenty-four hours, they had to give in. At the same time the white flag was not hoisted by Dr. Jameson's orders.

Dr. Jameson and his officers were taken prisoners, and eventually handed over to Great Britain. They were tried at Bow Street on the charge of having unlawfully prepared and fitted out a military expedition to proceed against the dominions of a friendly State. The principals were found guilty and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, but were afterward pardoned and reinstated. The names of the officers engaged in the raid were: Dr. Jameson, Major Sir John C. Willoughby, Major the Hon. Henry F. White, Captain Raleigh Grey, Captain the Hon. Robert White, Major John B. Stracey, Captain C. H. Villiers, Lieut. K. J. Kincaid Smith, Lieutenant H. M. Grenfell, C. P. Foley, Captain C. L. D. Munro, Captain C. F. Lindsell, Captain E. C. S. Holden, Major the Hon. C. Coventry and Captain Audley V. Gosling.

Mr. Rhodes was more than suspected of complicity in this affair, but, as no positive proof was forthcoming, he was let down easily, and this incident was closed to all outward appearances.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

Although the bold attempt of Dr. Jameson and his followers to bring the Boers to terms by an unauthorized and unjustified raid on a friendly power had failed, the Uitlanders were by no means willing to give up the cause for which they had instigated the demonstration. Violent measures having failed, diplomacy was again brought into play.

At this time the franchise laws stood about as follows, as per enactments of 1891 :

To be eligible to citizenship a newcomer must have signed his name on the "field-cornets' roll" within fourteen days of his arrival.

Two years thereafter he was entitled to take out a certificate of naturalization. This enabled him to vote for the "second Volksraad" and two years later to be elected to membership if thirty years of age.

Twelve years after naturalization, if forty years of age, and indorsed by three-fourths of the burghers in the district, he might vote for the first Raad ; and if sufficiently popular, be elected to that body.

To acquire all these privileges he must, at the time of naturalization, subscribe to the following oath :

"I desire to become a burgher of the South African Republic, abandon, give up, and relinquish all obedience, fealty, and the obligations of a subject to all and any foreign sovereigns, presidents, states, and sovereignties, and more especially the Sovereign, President, the State, or Sovereignty of whom I have hitherto been a subject and

burgher, and as subject take the oath of fealty and obedience to the Government and laws of the people of the South African Republic."

It will be seen that the acquirement of citizenship in the Transvaal Republic was by no means an easy task. The oath of allegiance left the prospective citizen for twelve years a man with no privileges, but many obligations.

The requirements were more stringent than would seem necessary, and it would appear that the Boers had erred on the side of unnecessary restriction. When it is considered, however, that these Dutch farmers felt that their very existence as a nation was at stake, some excuse may be urged for their stringency. They had not invited the Uitlanders to come to their country. They, in fact, resented their presence, despite the wealth it had brought them.

Viewing the case calmly and dispassionately, injustice appears on one side and unjust demands on the other. The English wanted too much, and the Boers would concede too little. Johannesburg, a vast and thriving municipality, was not allowed the privileges and advantages of a municipal government.

The Boers governed the city to their liking. Undoubtedly many cases of unjust persecution existed. The English cite many instances of brutality and inhumanity on the part of the Boer police toward the British subjects residing in Johannesburg.

But are overbearing acts on the part of the police unknown in New York or London?

The immorality and vice which flourishes in every mining camp was more than unusually in evidence in Johannesburg. The Boers, nurtured in a strict religious creed, were shocked at such a state of affairs, and adopted drastic measures to reform the city. That they over-



stepped the bounds of justice at times there is no reason to doubt. The Transvaal Boers are not angels—neither are the English (or other people, for that matter) whom a greed for gold has drawn to the modern Golconda. The race hatred which existed caused the Boers to pass many obnoxious laws from time to time, much to the discomfort of the Johannesburg residents.

In 1898 the Uitlanders resolved to endeavor to obtain an adjustment for their grievances by an appeal to the British Government. Consequently, a document was prepared and duly forwarded.

This petition cited the oppression under which they chafed—the laws that they felt to be unjust, and the efforts which they had put forth to obtain an amicable adjustment of their troubles.

The following is the text of their complaint:

For a number of years, prior to 1896, considerable discontent existed among the Uitlander population of the South African Republic, caused by the manner in which the Government of the country was being conducted. The great majority of the Uitlander population consists of British subjects. It was, and is, notorious that the Uitlanders have no share in the government of the country, although they constitute an absolute majority of the inhabitants of this State, possess a very large portion of the land, and represent the intellect, wealth, and energy of the State. The feelings of intense irritation which have been aroused by this state of things have been aggravated by the manner in which remonstrances have been met. Hopes have been held out and promises have been made by the Government of this State from time to time, but no practical amelioration of the conditions of life has resulted. Petitions, signed by large numbers of Your Majesty's subjects, have been repeatedly addressed to the Government of this State, but have failed of their effect,



and have even been scornfully rejected. At the end of 1895 the discontent culminated in an armed insurrection against the Government of this State, which, however, failed of its object. On that occasion the people of Johannesburg placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of Your High Commissioner, in the fullest confidence that he would see justice done to them. On that occasion also President Kruger published a proclamation, in which he again held out hopes of substantial reforms. Instead, however, of the admitted grievances being redressed, the spirit of the legislation adopted by the Volksraad during the past few years has been of a most unfriendly character, and has made the position of the Uitlanders more irksome than before. In proof of the above statement, Your Majesty's petitioners would humbly refer to such measures as the following:

The Immigration of Aliens Act (Law 30 of 1896).

The Press Law (Law 26 of 1896).

The Aliens' Expulsion Law of 1896.

Of these, the first was withdrawn at the instance of Your Majesty's Government, as being an infringement of the London convention of 1884.

Notwithstanding the evident desire of the Government to legislate solely in the interests of the burghers, and impose undue burdens on the Uitlanders, there was still a hope that the declaration of the President on the 30th of December, 1896, had some meaning, and that the Government would duly consider grievances properly brought before its notice. Accordingly, in the early part of 1897, steps were taken to bring to the notice of the Government the alarming depression of the mining industry, and the reasons which, in the opinions of men well qualified to judge, had led up to it. The Government at last appointed a commission consisting of its own officials, which was empowered to inquire into the industrial conditions

of the mining population, and to suggest such a scheme for the removal of existing grievances as might seem advisable and necessary. On the 5th of August the commission issued their report, in which the reasons for the then state of depression were duly set forth, and many reforms were recommended as necessary for the well-being of the community. Among them it will be sufficient to mention the appointment of an Industrial Board, having its seat in Johannesburg, for the special supervision of the Liquor Law, and the Pass Law, and to combat the illicit dealing in gold and amalgam. The Government refused to accede to the report of the commission, which was a standing indictment against its administration in the past, but referred the question to the Volksraad, which in turn referred it to a select committee of its own members. The result created consternation in Johannesburg, for, whilst abating in some trifling respects burdens which bore heavily on the mining industry, the committee of the Raad, ignoring the main recommendations of the commission, actually advised an increased taxation of the country, and that in a way which bore most heavily on the Uitlander. The suggestions of the committee were at once adopted, and the tariff increased accordingly.

At the beginning of 1897 the Government went a step further in their aggressive policy toward the Uitlander, and attacked the independence of the High Court, which until then Your Majesty's subjects had regarded as the sole remaining safeguard of their civil rights. Early in that year Act No. 1 was rushed through the Volksraad with indecent haste. This high-handed act was not allowed to pass without criticism; but the Government, deaf to all remonstrance, threatened reprisals on those professional men who raised their voices in protest, and finally, on the 16th of February, 1898, dismissed the Chief

Justice, Mr. J. G. Kotze, for maintaining his opinions. His place was filled shortly afterward by Mr. Gregorowski, the judge who had been especially brought from the Orange Free State to preside over the trial of the Reform prisoners in 1896, and who, after the passing of the act above referred to, had expressed an opinion that no man of self-respect would sit on the bench whilst that law remained on the statute book of the republic. All the judges at the time this law was passed condemned it in a formal protest, publicly read by the Chief Justice in the High Court, as a gross interference with the independence of that tribunal. That protest has never been modified or retracted, and of the five judges who signed the declaration three still sit on the bench.

The constitution and personnel of the police force is one of the standing menaces to the peace of Johannesburg. It has already been the subject of remonstrance to the Government of this Republic, but hitherto without avail. An efficient police force cannot be drawn from a people such as the burghers of this State; nevertheless, the Government refuses to open its ranks to any other class of the community. As a consequence, the safety of the lives and property of the inhabitants is confided in a large measure to the care of men fresh from the country districts, who are unaccustomed to town life, and ignorant of the ways and requirements of the people. When it is considered that this police force is armed with revolvers in addition to the ordinary police truncheons, it is not surprising that, instead of a defense, they are absolutely a danger to the community at large. Encouraged and abetted by the example of their superior officers, the police have become lately more aggressive than ever in their attitude toward British subjects. As, however, remonstrances and appeals to the Government were useless, the indignities to which Your Majesty's subjects were

daily exposed from this source had to be endured as best they might. Public indignation was at length fully roused by the death at the hands of a police constable of a British subject named Tom Jackson Edgar. The circumstances of this affair were bad enough in themselves, but were accentuated by the action of the Public Prosecutor, who, although the accused was charged with murder, on his own initiative reduced the charge to that of culpable homicide only, and released the prisoner on the recognizance of his comrades in the police force, the bail being fixed originally at £200, or less than the amount which is commonly demanded for offenses under the liquor law, or for charges of common assault.

The condition of Your Majesty's subjects in this State has indeed become well-nigh intolerable. The acknowledged and admitted grievances of which Your Majesty's subjects complain prior to 1895 not only are not redressed, but exist to-day in an aggravated form. They are still deprived of all political rights, they are denied any voice in the government of the country, they are taxed far above the requirements of the country, the revenue of which is misapplied and devoted to objects which keep alive a continuous and well founded feeling of irritation, without in any way advancing the general interests of the State. Maladministration and speculation of public moneys go hand in hand, without any vigorous measures being adopted to put a stop to the scandal. The education of Uitlander children is made subject to impossible conditions. The police afford no adequate protection to the lives and property of the inhabitants of Johannesburg; they are rather a source of danger to the peace and safety of the Uitlander population.

A further grievance has become prominent since the beginning of the year. The power vested in the Government by means of the Public Meetings Act has been a

menace to Your Majesty's subjects since the enactment of the act in 1894. This power has now been applied in order to deliver a blow that strikes at the inherent and inalienable birthright of every British subject, namely, his right to petition his sovereign. Straining to the utmost the language and intention of the law, the Government have arrested two British subjects who assisted in presenting a petition to Your Majesty on behalf of 4,000 fellow-subjects. Not content with this, the Government, when Your Majesty's loyal subjects again attempted to lay their grievances before Your Majesty, permitted their meeting to be broken up and the objects of it to be defeated by a body of Boers, organized by Government officials and acting under the protection of the police. By reason, therefore, of the direct, as well as the indirect, act of the Government, Your Majesty's loyal subjects have been prevented from publicly ventilating their grievances, and from laying them before Your Majesty.

Wherefore Your Majesty's humble petitioners humbly beseech Your Most Gracious Majesty to extend Your Majesty's protection to Your Majesty's loyal subjects resident in this State, and to cause an inquiry to be made into the grievances and complaints enumerated and set forth in this humble petition, and to direct Your Majesty's representative in South Africa to take measures which will secure the speedy reform of the abuses complained of, and to obtain substantial guarantees from the Government of this State for a recognition of their rights as British subjects.

The reply to this appeal was a promise on the part of the British Government, as represented by Mr. Chamberlain, promising the Government's aid in righting the matters of complaint.

The Transvaal Government submitted a proposition to refer to arbitration all matters in dispute. This request



the British Government refused on October 18, 1898, claiming the right of suzerainty by the treaty, a right which is not mentioned in the convention of 1884, which is the present basis of relations between England and the Transvaal.

During the early part of 1899 negotiations for a settlement of the points in dispute were made.

On August 21 the proposition was made by the Boers that the term of residence necessary to secure the franchise would be reduced to five years on the condition that Great Britain should agree to renounce all claim to suzerainty or to interfere in Transvaal affairs, and that any further matters in dispute should be subjected to arbitration.

Mr. Chamberlain's government rejected these proposals and sent a new proposition to the Boers, involving a refusal to entertain their proposition, and hinting at further questions to be settled when the franchise question was disposed of. To this the Transvaal made the following reply, which was given to the public on September 6th:

"The Government of the South African Republic regrets that Great Britain is of the opinion that it is unable to accept the proposals made by the Transvaal in the dispatches of August 19 and August 21, by which the term for obtaining the franchise was fixed at five years and the representation of the Witwatersrand District was increased. The Government regrets this the more, inasmuch as it considered itself able to deduce from the negotiations previous to its former proposals that the latter would be accepted by the British Government. In these conditions the Transvaal considers its proposals are annulled, and finds it necessary to submit them to the Volksraad and the people. It remains of the opinion that its proposals are extremely liberal and more extensive than



those presented by the British High Commissioner at Bloemfontein. It is also of the opinion that the conditions attached to these proposals are reasonable.

"The Transvaal never desired Great Britain to abandon any rights possessed by virtue of the London Convention of 1884 or by virtue of international law. The Transvaal still hopes that these declarations will lead to a good understanding and a solution of the existing difficulties."

With regard to the question of suzerainty, the Transvaal Government refers to the dispatch of April 16, 1898, and considers it unnecessary to repeat that dispatch.

"The Transvaal Government has already made known to the British agent its objections to accepting the proposals contained in the British High Commissioner's telegram of August 2, suggesting the appointment of delegates to draw up a report on the last electoral law voted by the Volksraad. If the one-sided examination referred to in the last British dispatch should show that the existing electoral law can be made more efficacious, the Transvaal Government is ready to make a proposal to the Volksraad with this object. It is also disposed to furnish all the information and enlightenment possible, but is of opinion that the result of such an inquiry, so far as regards a useful appreciation of the law, will be of little value. Nevertheless, the Government is very desirous of satisfying Great Britain in the matter of the electoral law and the representation of the mining districts."

In reference to England's further proposal for a joint inquiry, the document states:

"Considering that by these proposals Great Britain does not aim at any interference in the affairs of the Transvaal, and that the action would not be regarded as a precedent, but has solely for its object to ascertain whether the franchise law fulfills its purpose, the Transvaal Gov-

ernment will await the ulterior proposals of Great Britain as to the eventual constitution of such commission, as well as the place and time of meeting.

"The Transvaal Government further proposes at an early date to send a new reply to the letter of July 27, and expresses satisfaction that Great Britain has declared a readiness to negotiate on the question of a court of arbitration. It says it would like to learn, however, whether the Free State burghers would be admitted to such a court, and what would be the scope of the court's discussions, it appearing to the Transvaal Government that the restrictions imposed will prevent the attainment of the objects aimed at. With regard to the ulterior conference the Transvaal awaits the communications of Great Britain."

In spite of this frank expression of a willingness on the part of the Transvaal to agree to any reasonable plan of negotiations, Mr. Chamberlain issued the following reply on September 22:

"The Imperial Government are now compelled to consider the situation afresh and formulate proposals for a final settlement of the issues which have been created in South Africa by the policy constantly followed for many years by the Government of the South African Republic (the Transvaal).

"They will communicate the result of their deliberations in a later dispatch."

This practically broke off negotiations.

After waiting until October 9th for further word from the British Government, the Boers sent a repetition of the demand for arbitration and a request for the cessation of the massing of British troops on their borders, as a menace to them in the existing strained relations.

This ultimatum from President Kruger was unanswered, and was immediately followed by an invasion of

the British territory of Natal by the Boers, who felt that war was no longer to be averted. For a month the English had been sending troops to the front. During the same period the Boers had been preparing for a defensive and offensive campaign. The last efforts of diplomatic communication had been exhausted.

The forces of the Orange Free State, the allies and friends of the Boers, joined with them, under an existing agreement, by which each country stood pledged to assist the other in war.

While the Orange Free State had maintained an unbroken independence from 1854, and escaped the troubles which fell to the lot of the Transvaal, the two republics had always been united to each other by ties of friendship and of blood. Hence the burghers of the Free State and those of the Transvaal are fighting side by side.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A FEW STATISTICS.

Before entering into a record of the events of the present war it is well to consider the resources and fighting strength of the Republics and the Empire that are pitted against each other.

The area of the Transvaal is 119,139 square miles; the estimated white population, 345,397, and the native population, 748,759. The fighting strength is estimated at 15,000, and that of the Orange Free State at 6,000. They are well armed and equipped, and in the event of a fair measure of success will undoubtedly be able to augment this force by recruits from Cape Colony and other British territory, from the Dutch population, or "Afrikander" element. In fact, it may be safely stated that hundreds, if not thousands, of the Boers who reside in British territory have already joined forces with their compatriots in the Transvaal.

The Orange Free State contains 48,326 square miles, with a population (in 1890) of 77,716 whites and 129,787 natives. The present president is M. T. Steyn, and the form of government is very similar to that of the Transvaal.

Natal contains 35,000 square miles, 61,000 white population and 768,000 blacks.

Cape Colony contains 231,276 square miles and has a population of 956,485, of which about three-fourths are blacks.

The area of Southern Rhodesia is 174,728 square miles. Northern Rhodesia is practically boundless, including all

British possessions and unexplored regions north of the Zambesi River. Southern Rhodesia includes all of British South Africa from the Zambesi to Cape Colony. Its estimated native population is 450,000.

## RAILWAY DISTANCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Cape Town to	Miles.
De Aar .....	501
Kimberley .....	647
Vryburg .....	774
Mafeking .....	870
Ramathlabama .....	882
Palpye .....	1133
Buluwayo .....	1361
Naauwpoort .....	570
Norval's Pont .....	628
Bloemfontein .....	750
Viljoen's Drift .....	959
Johannesburg .....	1014
Pretoria .....	1040
Delagoa Bay to	
Komati Poort .....	58
Pretoria .....	349
Johannesburg .....	395
P. Elizabeth to	
Naauwpoort .....	270
Norval's Pont .....	328
Bloemfontein .....	450
Viljoen's Drift .....	659
Johannesburg .....	714
Pretoria .....	740
Durban to	
Pietermaritzburg .....	70
Ladysmith .....	189

Harrismith .....	249
Glencoe .....	231
Newcastle .....	268
Laing's Nek .....	301
Charlestown .....	304
Volskrust .....	308
Johannesburg .....	483
Pretoria .....	511

The British forces in South Africa at the opening of the war, and their disposition, is thus described by an English writer :

"For some time after the Boers concentrated on the frontier of the Transvaal the British public was greatly concerned whether the Imperial forces then at the outposts were strong enough to resist a Boer raid before reinforcements arrived. However, the Natal field force was reinforced by six thousand men from India—Royal Artillery, Fifth Dragoon Guards, Gordon Highlanders, Third Rifles, with other details.

Strong positions were taken up at Glencoe, Dundee, Newcastle and Ladysmith, on the Natal border. Gen. Sir George White, V. C., with Maj.-Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter as Chief of Staff, commanded the Natal force, which, roughly speaking, was fifteen thousand strong. At Dundee there was a large camp of the King's Royal Rifles, Fifth Lancers, Tenth Hussars, First Leicester Regiment, Second Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Manchester Regiment, Natal Mounted Rifles, six Maxim guns, the Natal Field Artillery, an armored train, and the Durban Light Infantry.

Within fifty miles of the Transvaal border there are at least ten railway bridges built of steel, with a span of one hundred feet. The most important ones are those over the Ingagane River, forty-one miles from Charlestown, consisting of three spans of one-hundred feet each; over the Incandu River at Newcastle, three spans of one hundred and eighty feet; the Ingogo bridge, thirty-five miles from the border, and the Coldstream bridge, of



forty feet span, through which runs a wire fence, forming the boundary between Natal and the Transvaal. In the event of the Boers destroying these bridges, the British troops will suffer greatly.

Gen. Sir Forestier-Walker, who commands the forces on the Kimberley side of the Transvaal, has a good fighting contingent under him. At Mafeking Col. Baden-Powell and Col. Plumer command crack shots and rough riders who took part in the recent native wars around there. Further north, at Ramathlabama, Col. Vivian has at command a large force of irregular horse, and Kimberley itself is protected by the North Lancashire Regiment and several batteries of artillery. All these posts have been further strengthened by reinforcements from the Mediterranean and by the Army Service Corps, the Royal Engineers, and other details from England.

The army is officered as follows:

### FIRST ARMY CORPS.

Gen. Sir Redvers H. Buller in Command.

#### FIRST DIVISION.

Lieut.-Gen. Lord Methuen in Command.

#### First Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. Sir H. E. Colville in Command.

Third Grenadier Guards—Gibraltar.

First Coldstream Guards—Gibraltar.

First Scots Guards—London.

#### Second Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. H. J. T. Hildyard in Command.

Second Devonshires—Aldershot.

Second West Yorkshires—Aldershot.

Second Royal West Surrey—Portsmouth.

Second East Surrey—Woking.

Fourteenth Hussars (squadron)—Newbridge.

Seventh, Fourteenth and Sixty-sixth Field Batteries and Engineers—Aldershot.

### SECOND DIVISION.

Maj.-Gen. (local Lieutenant-General) Sir C. F. Clery in Command.

#### Third Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. A. G. Wauchope in Command.

Second Black Watch—Aldershot.

First Highland L. I.—Devonport.

Second Seaforth Highlanders—Fort George.

First Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—Dublin.

#### Fourth Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. the Hon. N. J. Lyttelton in Command.

First Durham L. I.—Aldershot.

Second Cameronians—Glasgow.

Third K. R. Rifles—Kilkenny.

First Rifle Brigade—Parkhurst.

Sixty-fourth Battery—Aldershot.

Sixty-third Battery—Bristol.

Seventy-third Battery—Dorchester.

Fourteenth Hussars (squadron)—Newbridge.

Engineers—Aldershot.

### THIRD DIVISION.

Maj.-Gen. (local Lieutenant-General) Sir W. F. Gatacre in Command.

#### Fifth Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. A. Fitzroy Hart in Command.

First Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—Mullingar.

Second Royal Irish Rifles—Belfast.

First Connaught Rangers—Athlone.

First Royal Dublin Fusiliers—The Curragh.

#### Sixth Brigade.

Maj.-Gen. G. Barton in Command.

Second Royal Irish Fusiliers—Colchester.

Second Royal Fusiliers—Aldershot.

Second Royal Scots Fusiliers—Aldershot.

First Royal Welsh Fusiliers—Pembroke Dock.

Fourteenth Hussars (squadron)—Newbridge.

Seventy-seventh Battery—Coventry.  
 Seventy-fourth Battery—Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 Seventy-ninth Battery—Cahir.

## FOURTH DIVISION.

Col. (local Lieutenant-General) Sir W. P. Symons in Command.

## Seventh Brigade.

Col. (local Major-General) F. Howard in Command.

## Eighth Brigade.

Major-General to be nominated locally.

## CAVALRY DIVISION.

Col. (local Lieutenant-General) J. D. P. French in Command.

## First Brigade.

Col. (local Major-General) J. M. Babington in Command.

## Second Brigade.

Col. (local Major-General) J. R. Brabazon in Command.

First Royal Dragoons—Hounslow.

Second Dragoons (Scots Greys)—Edinburgh.

Sixth Dragoons (Inniskillings)—The Curragh.

"O" Battery R. H. A.—Aldershot.

## Third Brigade.

Col. (local Major-General) J. F. Brocklehurst in Command.

The other regiments in the cavalry division are:

Sixth Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers).

Tenth (Prince of Wales' Own Royal) Hussars.

Twelfth (Prince of Wales' Royal) Lancers.

Thirteenth Hussars.

Fourteenth (King's) Hussars.

Royal Horse and Royal Field Artillery.

The full strength of the army corps which has so far (November 20, 1899,) been sent out to South Africa over

and above the troops already there, is 52,138 officers and men, with 114 guns.

Of the 52,138, 49,306 will be actually in the field, and 2,832, in comparatively small numbers from the cavalry and infantry divisions, will be left at the base, forming infantry and general depots.

In other words, the force is thus made up:

In the field—

Cavalry .....	5,534	
Infantry (three divisions) .....	29,253	
Corp troops .....	5,122	
Communications .....	9,397	
	<hr/>	49,306
At the base .....		2,832
		<hr/>
Total .....		52,138

The cavalry division in the field consists of two brigades, each made up of three regiments (538 each), a horse bat-column, bearer company, and field hospital, and a field company of engineers will be attached to the division.

Each of the three infantry divisions in the field consists of two brigades, the brigade establishment being four battalions (1,019 each), supply column, bearer company, and field hospital; and to each division, as divisional troops, will be attached a cavalry squadron, three field batteries of 18 guns, an engineer field company, supply column, and field hospital."

The British army has at its command the arsenals of the entire Empire, therefore there is no limit to the number of guns it can put in the field.

The Boers are known to have in their equipment (including the armament of the Orange Free State) the following, at least: Twenty-six light and heavy Krupp guns, four light and two heavy quick-firing guns, one rifle muzzle-loading gun, one machine gun, seven 5 c.m. guns, five Armstrong nine-pounders, two Whitworth six-

pounders, one Whitworth three-pounder mountain gun, one 3 c.m. Krupp gun and three Maxims. It is probable that they had more than these, but facts are not at present attainable.

From this point this work will be a record of the present war. So far we have dealt with the facts of history, and now leave it to the reader's individual judgment as to who is in the right and who in the wrong. In forming a judgment, the palliating facts should be considered on both sides.

The case for the Boers is evidently about as follows:

They were the first settlers, and without their wish their colony was transferred to British rule, their slaves freed and inadequate compensation made therefor. They moved to an isolated region to secure independence and freedom. The English followed them and forced them to go further inland. Their independence was finally formally acknowledged—then in a case of necessity England's aid was called in and their country was annexed in payment of the promised service. This service was tardily rendered, causing much dissatisfaction and a feeling that they had been tricked. A war for independence was fought and won. Later the discovery of gold led to a fresh effort to bring them under British rule through the extension of the franchise. Demands being made upon them which they deemed unjust, and these demands being backed up by a strong military demonstration, they have taken up arms to save their country.

The case for the English is as follows:

They acquired the Cape Colony by diplomatic negotiations. Finding the Boers a slaveholding people, which was repugnant to their laws, they emancipated the slaves. Claiming domain in all the settled land in the Cape region, they felt that they had a right to annex all adjacent territory, as it became opened to settlement, as a part of

their domain which was unclaimed by any other world power.

The original grant of independence to the Boers was to their mind a mistake of the party then in control, to be remedied by annexation when the opportunity came. The disaster of Majuba Hill was not deemed a satisfactory test of the power of British arms, as peace was concluded before reinforcements calculated to be sufficient to conquer the Boers had arrived.

The influx of Englishmen to the gold fields of the Rand made it Great Britain's duty to protect her citizens who were in the Transvaal. Injustice and tyranny on the part of the Boers was claimed, and the British Government felt it to be better for all concerned to exercise a controlling influence in Transvaal affairs. Negotiations having failed, war was considered the necessary resort.

War is a dreadful thing at any time; but especially hideous is war between two Christian peoples over matters that could certainly have been settled by arbitration. The boasted civilization and enlightenment of the last end of the nineteenth century has not been able to prevent this war. Whichever side may receive our sympathy, the whole world must regret that such an unnecessary conflict should be waged.

Let us hope that better councils will prevail, and that the nations of the world will step in and demand a cessation of hostilities and the submission of the points in dispute to international arbitration.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE WAR OF 1899.

Although President Kruger's ultimatum was not delivered until October 10, both England and the Transvaal had been making active preparations for war for some time previous to that date.

On September 7 a large consignment of ammunition was received at Pretoria by the Boers, and England ordered 10,000 additional troops dispatched to the Cape and Natal from England and India.

General Sir George White was appointed to command of the British forces in Natal on September 10, and sailed with his staff and troops on September 16. On the latter date troops were also embarked at Calcutta and Bombay, and the Boers made a forward movement under arms to points of vantage. A small-sized riot also occurred in Johannesburg on this date.

More troops were dispatched from England at short intervals during September and October. The Boers, on the other hand, were by no means idle, having over 20,000 men in the field ready for action by October 5.

The ultimatum of October 10 was practically a declaration of war, as by its terms President Kruger declared that he should consider a state of war to exist if the British troops were not withdrawn within forty-eight hours, and it was immediately followed by an invasion of the British Territories of Natal, Cape Colony, Bechuanaland and Rhodesia by the Boers. Mafeking and Kimberley were invested. A British force was at each of these places, Mafeking being under command of Colonel

Baden-Powell; Kimberley under General Kekewich. Cecil Rhodes is among the English who are under siege at Kimberley. The advance of the Boers into Natal was made along the line of the railroad which connects the Transvaal with Durban. Glencoe, Dundee and Ladysmith, three points at which British forces were stationed, were made the first points of attack.

The first battle of the war was at Glencoe, on October 20, when a strong Boer force, under General Meyer, attacked the British under General Symons. The Boers occupied a commanding eminence, and opened fire. The British replied in kind, and the Boers were repulsed, giving the English the first battle. The Boer loss in this engagement is reported at 10 killed and 25 wounded. The British 54 killed and 213 wounded. Meanwhile the Boers had destroyed a portion of the railroad between Ladysmith and Glencoe, and in an effort by the British under General Sir George White to restore communication a battle occurred on October 21 at Elands-laagte, a point midway between Glencoe and Ladysmith, which resulted in great loss to both sides, but the British finally conquered, capturing three hundred prisoners. General Viljoen, one of the bravest of the Boers, was killed at this engagement. The British loss at this battle was 42 killed and 195 wounded.

The Boers made another attempt to cut the British line at Rietfontein (between Ladysmith and Elands-laagte) on October 23, with heavy loss to the English, although the Boers were finally forced to abandon their attempt. British loss 13 killed, 93 wounded.

On October 26 General Sir William Penn Symons died from injuries received at the battle of Glencoe.

Meanwhile the Boer forces operating in the region of Kimberley and Mafeking had not been idle. The investment of those points was made nearly complete. In spite

of the strenuous exertions put forth by the garrisons in those places, the constant activity of the Boers prevented relief forces from reaching them. The rail communication below Kimberley was cut by the Transvaal forces, and the bridge over the Modder River, some twenty-five miles below Kimberley, was made impassable by the Boers, and a strong force placed at that point to prevent the advance of the Britons to the relief of their beleaguered cities.

A strong British force under Lord Methuen was dispatched to the relief of Kimberly late in November, Lord Methuen taking command in the field on November 17. His course was much impeded by damage done to the railway by the Boers. At the Orange River he met with strong opposition, but by the battle of Enslin he was enabled to pass that point after a severe engagement, in which the Boers made a fine display of their fighting abilities.

On Tuesday, November 21, Methuen moved from the Orange River and bivouacked at Witte Puts. Two companies of mounted infantry and a detachment of Lancers were sent to hold Thomas' farm.

On Wednesday the Boers from Fincham's Farm shelled the British advance body. The British artillery was pushed forward and silenced the Boers' guns, on a hill which the British subsequently occupied, capturing two guns in this engagement. The Boer casualties were thirty killed and wounded, the British loss being fully as great.

The battle at Belmont began at daybreak on Thursday. Methuen's force numbered 7,000 men; there were but 5,000 Boers, but they were strongly intrenched on a series of hills, their cannon well posted and excellently served.

The Boers opened fire on the British advance from the

hills a thousand yards distant. Other troops were pushed up and the engagement became general.

While the British artillery covered the movement, the Guards Brigade moved forward to a hill a few miles east of Belmont Station.

The Scots and Grenadiers crossed the fire zone in the face of the enemy and advanced to within fifty yards of the hill's base, when the Boers poured in a fire so scathing that the Guards were staggered for a moment. Recovering, the duel continued for half an hour. Then the fire of the British artillery grew too fierce for them, the Boers evacuated their front position and the Scots Guards, wildly cheering, rushed the hill with the bayonet.

The Ninth Brigade, commanded by Colonel Pole-Carew, replacing Brig.-Gen. Featherstonhaugh, wounded the day before, then moved forward in extended order, and the Boers started a terrible cross-fire from the surrounding hills.

The Coldstreams, supported by the Scots, Grenadiers, Northumberland and Northampton, stormed the Free Staters' second position in the face of a constant and effective fire.

The Ninth Brigade then advanced, the artillery meantime maintaining excellent practice. The British infantry never wavered, and when a tremendous cheer notified them of the charge, the Boers again retreated, but in good order, and gained their third position, a range of hills in the rear, in spite of the Lancers' flanking movement.

The infantry again gallantly faced the fire, and the Naval Brigade came into action for the first time, at a range of 1,800 yards. The infantry was well supported by the artillery, and the Boers were once more forced to abandon some minor positions.

Possession was taken of the Boer laager, and the Boer stores and ammunition were destroyed.

The latest obtainable figures place the British loss at the battle of Belmont at 105 killed and 374 wounded. A costly victory, and one calculated to make the British realize that the relief of Kimberley was not to be the easy task they had contemplated. When Lord Methuen left Cape Town he confidently expected to be in Kimberley in four days at most. He had not accomplished his task when forty days had expired.

His march northward was resumed, but it was felt that there was another battle in prospect before Kimberley could be reached. The Modder River bridge was the point selected by the Boers to check his advance. They had previously destroyed portions of the bridge, breaking rail communication.

On November 28 the army rested five miles from the river, and before dawn of the 28th they were on the march. Soon after 5 o'clock a. m. the engagement began. The Boers were in strong force on both sides of the river.

After an hour and a half of heavy firing, a feint attack was made on the Boers' position by a brigade under General Pole-Carew, to enable another brigade to, if possible, capture the bridge. The attacking brigade approached within a few feet of the buildings behind which a large force of Boers were intrenched. The low walls surrounding these buildings made excellent fortifications, and when the Boers opened fire the British were mowed down by the dozens and forced to retreat. The British opened a heavy artillery fire on the Boer position, but their efforts failed to dislodge them. Colonel Stopford, of the Coldstream Guards, was killed in this engagement.

Meanwhile other portions of the British army were advancing along the high railway embankment which led to



the bridge, under the disastrous fire of the expert marksmen in the Boer army, who were concealed in positions where they could not be got at. Several attempts were made to cross the bridge, and a few of these were successful, but the fire from the Boers was so hot that a retreat to the south side of the river was enforced in every case. Many brave men were killed in these sorties.

The British artillery finally succeeded in disabling the Boers sufficiently to enable a part of General Pole-Carew's brigade to cross the river late in the afternoon and maintain their position.

The British report their losses in this engagement at 75 killed and 393 wounded, but revised figures will probably show this to be an underestimate. The Boers' loss was undoubtedly less, as they were but little exposed to the fire of the enemy, fighting as they did mainly from points of comparative security.

While the British had crossed the bridge, they were for the time being effectively checked. Surrounded on all sides by a hostile army, they found themselves practically in a trap. The Boers had closed in on their rear, so retreat was as dangerous as advance.

On December 10, Lord Methuen made an effort to advance, but was opposed by the enemy in strong force, and, after a fierce engagement, was forced to acknowledge defeat and fall back on his camp at Modder River, with a loss estimated at 300 killed and wounded, including Major-General Wauchope and the Marquis of Winchester. General Methuen has reported his total losses, including prisoners captured at this engagement, at 963.

Up to date (December 25) Lord Methuen's position remains the same—several skirmishes have taken place, and the Boers have massed in force in the rear as well as in the front, cutting off his retreat.

The relief of Kimberley is at least temporarily defeated.



Lord Methuen's army has been practically defeated, and the relief of his forces will probably be the next step to be attempted in this direction.

The British plan of attack involved the movement of four bodies of troops, one in the west, under Lord Methuen, to the relief of Kimberley; one from Durban to the relief of Ladysmith, under the commander-in-chief, Sir Redvers Buller; another from East London northward to strike at the Orange Free State, this division being under command of General Gatacre. The fourth force, under General French, was to advance between the route of General Methuen and General Gatacre.

The British had been hurrying troops to Africa as rapidly as possible, 28,000 landing in the last two weeks of October alone. The total men in the British army, either in Africa, or under marching orders, was 90,000, a force deemed amply sufficient to crush a matter of 30,000 farmers. It was confidently expected that all four of the divisions mentioned above would make a triumphal advance, and be fighting in Transvaal territory by Christmas at the latest.

The Boers, however, had chosen in each case strong defensive positions at which to resist the advance of the four armies. How well they accomplished it in the case of Lord Methuen has been told.

On December 10 General Gatacre met his Waterloo at Stormberg, and the British arms received a crushing defeat that astonished the nation.

While marching to occupy Stormberg, an important junction point near the borders of the Orange Free State, a strong force of Boers was unexpectedly encountered, and the British were forced to retreat after having lost more than six hundred men, most of whom, however, were taken prisoners.

According to the reports, the number of Boers was

2,500. General Gatacre's force numbered probably 4,000 men all told. He was moving from Molento upon Stormberg, as reports of natives and a few scouts led him to believe that the Boer position could be easily surprised.

The first sign of a battle was a hot, effective fire delivered upon the line of the Dublin Fusiliers, who were in advance. It proved so effective that the Irishmen sought shelter behind a kopje on the left. They appeared well covered for a time, and were followed into shelter by the Northumberland Fusiliers and the artillery.

Scarcely had the last mentioned taken the ground, perhaps half a mile from the Boer firing line, when it was discovered that the whole force were exposed to the fire of their enemies' guns from a hill that enabled the Boers to enfilade the British lines. Here a few guns of the British artillery saved the situation, for under their rapid fire General Gatacre's men were enabled to withdraw in good order out of range.

The action at this time had become general, but all at long range. While the entire British line, halted and from cover, were attempting to "snipe" the Boers, it was learned that a large commando of mounted Boers were moving from the north with the intention to cut off the entire brigade.

The Northumberland and Irish regiments started at once to engage them, but were promptly checked by a heavy fire from machine guns.

Then, it appears, the commanding officers decided that a complete retreat was necessary, and the return march to Molento was begun in good order over the thirteen miles of the way.

Almost to the boundaries of the encampment here the Boers kept up a rifle fire upon the retreating lines.

General Gatacre's defeat aroused the greatest alarm in England, but worse was yet to come.

Buller, the hero, the invincible—the man who was confidently expected to crush the Boers in short order—had yet to be heard from.

General Buller was heard from on December 15, and the most crushing defeat of the war was the burden of his report. This disaster occurred at the Tugela River, at Colenso. His advance to this point had been unimpeded. His purpose was to push his way across the Tugela River by main force, without attempting to gain advantages by manœuvring. He fell into the familiar Boer trap, marching his men upon a thickly populated nest of concealed riflemen, whose deadly fire decimated the British column, killed the horses which dragged their guns, and forced the survivors to fall back under a leaden hailstorm. He moved his column in full strength at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 15th from the camp near Chieveley with the purpose of forcing a passage of the Tugela River.

There are two fordable places in the stream two miles apart. The plan was to cross at one or the other of these with one brigade supported by a central brigade. General Hart was to attack the left drift, General Hildyard the right road, and General Lyttleton was to take the centre and to support either. General Buller's official report of the fight thus describes what followed:

"Early in the day I saw that General Hart would not be able to force a passage, and I directed him to withdraw. He had, however, attacked with great gallantry, and his leading battalion, the Connaught Rangers, I fear, suffered a great deal. Colonel I. G. Brooke was seriously wounded.

"I then ordered General Hildyard to advance, which he did, and his leading regiment, the East Surrey, occupied Colenso Station and the houses near the bridge.

"At that moment I heard that the whole artillery I had sent to support the attack—the Fourteenth and Sixty-

sixth Field Batteries, and six naval twelve-pounder quick firers—under Colonel Long had advanced close to the river, in Long's desire to be within effective range. It proved to be full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all the horses, and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns. Some of the wagon teams got shelter for the troops in a donga, and desperate efforts were made to bring out the field guns.

"The fire, however, was too severe, and only two were saved by Captain Schofield and some drivers, whose names I will furnish.

"Another most gallant attempt with three teams was made by an officer, whose name I will obtain. Of the eighteen horses thirteen were killed, and, as several drivers were wounded, I would not allow another attempt, as it seemed that they would be a shell mark, sacrificing life to a gallant attempt to force the passage.

"Unsupported by artillery, I directed the troops to withdraw, which they did in good order.

"Throughout the day a considerable force of the enemy was pressing on my right flank, but was kept back by mounted men under Lord Dundonald and part of General Barton's brigade. The day was intensely hot and most trying to the troops, whose conduct was excellent.

"We have abandoned ten guns and lost by shell fire one. The losses in General Hart's brigade are, I fear, heavy, although the proportion of severely wounded is, I hope, not large.

"The Fourteenth and Sixty-ninth Field Batteries also suffered severe losses. We have retired to our camp at Chieveley."

The official report of British losses at this engagement is 1,097. The crushing effect of this news in England may be imagined,

Notwithstanding the reverses to the British arms reported earlier in the week, the people had confidently expected that when news should come from Buller's army it must be that of a victory. This expectation had been made more firm by a knowledge of the importance at this juncture of the operations of a successful movement, which was considered sufficiently grave to be termed a crisis.

A panic in the London Stock Exchange market, and the immediate ordering out of more troops was the direct result.

The British Empire had been fighting a third-rate farmer Republic for two months, and the result was a total loss officially stated at over 6,000 men, and the defeat of three armies. General French, with the fourth army, had done nothing beyond participating in a few skirmishes.

It was felt that England must summon all her resources of war to defeat the Boers. Their accurate marksmanship and grim determination had proved them to be more formidable adversaries than was anticipated.

Consequently, arrangements were made to call out the reserves and to place an immense army in the field.

Field Marshal General Lord Roberts was ordered to take command, and sailed from England on December 23. General Kitchener, the hero of the Soudan, was also ordered to Africa, and an immense number of reinforcements were ordered to the front.

This is the situation at the present time. The British armies are held at bay at every point by the Boers. Ladysmith has not been relieved. Kimberley has not been relieved. Mafeking has not been relieved. The English armies have been unable as yet to enter Boer territory.

Queen Victoria is said to have been opposed to the war, deeming it to be an unjust one. These reverses to





GENERAL JOUBERT, COMMANDER OF THE TRANSVAAL  
FORCES.





British arms appear to her as a righteous judgment. On the other hand the Boers fight with a rifle in their hands and a prayer on their lips. They believe that the Lord is with them, and will give them the victory.

There are many in England who believe that the war has been urged and entered into to serve the private ends of Cecil Rhodes, and others high in authority who seek personal gain from the absorption of the Boer Republic into the British Empire.

At the outbreak of the war President Kruger said :

"Last Monday the Republic gave England forty-eight hours' notice within which to give the Republic assurance that the present dispute will be settled by arbitration or other peaceful means, and troops will be removed from the borders (of the Transvaal).

"This expires at 5 p. m. to-day. The British agent has been recalled and war is certain.

"The Republics are determined that if they must belong to England a price will have to be paid which will stagger humanity. Have, however, full faith that the sun of liberty shall arise in South Africa as it arose in North America."

The price so far paid certainly has staggered humanity. While the British claim their losses to have been about six thousand, the Boers declare that they amount to at least seventeen thousand. Owing to the difficulty of communication and of securing accurate information, it is not possible to depend on the reports received regarding the losses on either side. In fact, no official report of the Boer losses have been published. It is fair to assume, however, that they are far less than those of the English, because they have usually fought from ambuscade, while the British have worked in the open. It may be urged against the Boers that this is not the most honorable kind of warfare, but it must be remembered that,

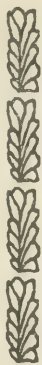
in the case of a small force fighting against the resources of an empire, much can be forgiven. The Boers have been accused of disregarding the Red Cross flag and the flag of truce. These reports all come from English sources, and must be taken with a grain of salt, although it is possible that the charges are true. If so, all civilized peoples will justly condemn their course.

An accurate history of a war cannot be written while it is in progress. The main facts, as given in this chapter, are, however, undisputed. History is being made rapidly in South Africa to-day, and when the smoke of the battles shall have cleared away, there are brave and intelligent American newspaper men with both armies who will give to the world the full details of this great war.

Let us hope, for the sake of humanity and civilization, that it will be speedily terminated.

And is it too much to expect that should the greater nation prove victorious, she will deal leniently with her late antagonists, remembering that however unprogressive or unjust they may have been in the past, their fight has been, to their minds, for the preservation of their homes and families, and that in waging this war they have done so with the deepest conviction of the justice of their cause? And should the smaller nation win, let us hope they will grant such reasonable concessions as will stamp them as a just and progressive people, worthy to a place among the enlightened nations of the world.

THE END.



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